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SACRED ODE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The Earth is God's: How through her vales
The soft dew comes at night!
As if the mercy-mighty source
Had no sleeping mail!
The forest-evergreens sound His miracle;
The mountains towering vast and dim,
Strew with their grand shadows His sheet
A song of worship unto Him.

II.

The Sea is God's: His great white hands
Rolled His lover on to shore,
And all the recorded billows bend
In solemn song around His feet.
O crucible to their ancient chant!
The sand hath responsive cry,
As He on His red sea of sorrow
Comes wandering through the storm sky!

III.

The Sky is God's: How sweetly fall
The anthems of the Pleiades,
Antiphonal with Mazzaroth
In answer to the sounding seas!
And hurtling the clustering stars
Through trembling space proclaim His worth!
Yet infinitely the noblest key
His darkness promises to the Earth.

IV.

The Universe is God's: Long life
In multitudes set there,
While ever like here the awful cloud
Of His all-brooding Shadow lies thereon
But He unveiled His brow, and lo!
From central sunset sky the morn,
And like a mirror to His face
It speeds back the light it leaves.

V.

Eternity is God's: Upon
Its solemn pyramid His mantle,
While in the hollow shadow-veil
The mystical stars and peopled lands
Like drowsing sparkling in the sea.
O God, all things calm in Thee—
Safe Father, Brother, Friend and Lord!
Whose leaves hold Infinity!

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARGE.

Gerald Murdock received a letter from Farworth. The messenger who brought it said there was no answer to be carried back; so he did not wait. The young barrister knew the hand of the superscription, and with trembling eagerness he broke the seal. The letter was from Lovie—

"GERALD MURDOCK—I have conceived the proposition which you made to me. I have considered it calmly and dispassionately; with as earnest, prayerful desire that I might be led in the way of wisdom and justice. You have asked me to become your wife, and I now make answer. IN CAM NEVER AS. In this decision I show none of my good wishes towards you, for I wish it whatever my friendship. But let me assure you that my answer is firm; and when we meet again I hope you will say most as though this question had never arisen. Of course you will not be able to be satisfied yet; and I assure you that it may prove to be a great disappointment.

"Trusting that you will bear us no burdens of thought for the answer I give, I remain your earnest friend,

LOVINIA VANSCOMB."

As Gerald crushed the missive in his hand, and stamped his foot upon the floor, his father, who had been watching him, spoke.

"What is it, my son?"

"Read it, and see," returned Gerald, through his clenched teeth.

"It is not as I expected," said Owen, after he had read the letter. He spoke calmly, and handled the missive without the least show of surprise or disappointment. "I have had no hopes of your success, my boy; and it is well that I had not, in view of this result, I have been at work in my own way."

Gerald took a few more up and down the room; and when he finally stopped he had in a measure recovered himself.

"You are right, governor. I had expected the same. Still, a blow is a blow, whether expected or not. The assassin's dagger is rendered none the less keen because its coming may have been anticipated. The man who retires you will be very apt to slip your anger, notwithstanding you may have had forewarning of his intent."

"That's so, Gerald. I do not wonder at your feeling; but I would have you control the evil with an eye to the future."

"It's all over now," replied the young man, coming back from another turn across the room. "I think she means just what she says."

"I am not sure about that, my son. She seems that for a final answer."

"Then I am prepared for the next step. I have tried persuasion, and have failed. Now let the thing be laid deep and strong. My heart is fixed upon the consummation, and I will not relax in if any earthly power can help me." As Gerald Murdock thus spoke he clenched his hands as though he felt the force within him which was to crush a human heart. "You spoke of some action you had been doing."

"Yes, my boy,—I have been at work; and I think I have laid the train. I have been to see the Earl, and have also corresponded with several of the officers of the Chancery Court; and I am sure that I can obtain letters of guardianship over the infirm of Farther as soon as I can present a good cause for subjecting her again to wardship. To this end we must keep quiet, and work carefully. I have a bold spun his lordship, and I only need a good pretext to help me. If you will keep perfectly silent, acting towards Lorinda as though nothing had happened out of the way, for a month or so, I think we may fix it to suit ourselves. Remember,—say most be your wife! that is the fact."

"I hope it is, at least," said Gerald.

"We will make it so," returned Owen, decisively. "She shall be your wife if she and you and I all live. I have the power—I know I have. I can, as the Earl of Lancaster's clerk of work for me. He is not perfect, and I know it, and he knows that I know it. I have helped him see now, and he stands pledged to help me. He will not do aught to rebel upon his very face—at least if I can give him a pretext, seeming good and sufficient, he will not inquire too minutely into protestations. Do you comprehend this?"

"I think I do."

"Then be patient. Let the lady suspect nothing."

"I think I can control myself."

"With such a hope, you ought to."

"Don't be alarmed. I have controlled myself thus far very well. If, for the last three months, I have carried the virtuous youth, then I'm mistaken."

"You have, my boy."

"And I can do it for three months to come."

"Do so, and all shall yet be well. And now let us go and see what all this disturbance seems in the court. I should think an army had arrived."

The father and son went down, and found a full score of armed men, in the Welsh, and the old butler serving them with beer from a bucket. They were stout, formidable looking fellows; and as Owen approached them, he recognized in their leader, Roger Brentwood, the bailiff of Poulton.

"How is this, sir bailiff?" asked Murdock, approaching the officer's side.

"I'faith, sir, we have business on our hands," replied Roger, smacking his lips over the beer. "There is a smuggler on the coast, Hector Barthel, with his felon crew, is not far away. We have a clue, and we will find him if we can. And, if we do find him, he's ours. Egad, I hasn't had fill upon the mouth. He has gone unwhipped of justice long enough."

"I had no notice of this smuggler's presence," said Owen. He spoke thus for with his eyes he guessed, as he had been thinking. The first mention of the smuggler had moved him strangely; though he endeavored to hide the fact. "Has Barthel's vessel come in near here?" he asked, looking up.

"Somewhere off in the Wash of the Loyne, I think," returned the bailiff. "At all events, we're after him."

"If you want more help, I can furnish it," proceeded Owen. "for I am anxious that those villains should be apprehended."

"I guess not," said the officer, shaking his head. "I have men enough of my own; and, even if I needed more, I could easily draw to trust the people of this section. The rascals have been much prepared for the smugglers. I don't mean to individualize, sir. The servants of Cheswold are as good as the rest; but I haven't much faith in any of 'em for this business."

Owen seemed inclined at first to dispute this by maintaining the integrity of the men under his particular charge; but he thought better of it, and let it go as Brentwood had stated it. He was anxious, however, that the bailiff should return that way, if possible, and see him kind of his success.

"Certainly," that individual replied. "If I find them on the coast, this will be my nearest way. But I may not fall in back in the country; for, ye see, there's a revenue vessel gone after them by water; and, if the villains get frightened, they may take to the woods."

A second attack of fever for the men, and then the bailiff moved off, and was soon galloping away upon the beach with his troop. When they were out of sight Gerald sought his father's side, and asked him why he was so anxious touching the apprehension of the smugglers.

"Why," returned Owen, with a start, which he would fain have made appear as one of simple surprise, "is it not a duty we all owe to our government?"

"It not what a duty?"

"The apprehending of smugglers."

"But you seemed very anxious that old Brentwood should succeed in this particular case."

"Well—and is not this a just case? Ought not the laws to be brought to punishment? Are the country freed from their unlawful work?"

Gerald's lip curled.

"You ought not to talk in that way to me, governor. You and I know each other better. What do we care for these smugglers? Haven't we brandy in our lockers that came to us cheaper on their account? and didn't we wink at the sin when we thus helped compound the felony? Oh, no more of this! Show me now what's to pay. What is there about these particular smugglers that interests you?"

"Nothing—nothing."

"But, governor, I know better. This isn't the first time I've noticed it. This isn't the time you've betrayed uneasiness and interest in these outlaws."

"Well," returned Owen, after reflecting a while, during which he worked his hands rather nervously, "what do you make of it? Whither do your thoughts lead you?"

"I'll tell you," said Gerald. "I've taken a fancy that these smugglers—or some of them—are one or more of them—are in some way connected with affairs that interest both you and me. Am I not right?"

Owen hesitated this time longer than before. He was not wholly silent, for he walked away muttering to himself, but his answer was not intended as an answer to his son. By and by, however, he came back, and laid his hand upon Gerald's shoulder.

"You must be foolish to think of deceiving you, my son, and I should be still more foolish to betray secrets which are to your badness to know. I will, for the present, confess to you that I have private reasons for being anxious to have the whole crew of that smuggler brig arrested and confessed. At some time I may tell you more. At some time I will tell you more. But, for now, I hope you will be satisfied. Will you accommodate me in this?"

Gerald nodded his head, and walked away. He was not entirely pleased, but he was willing to wait.

While the father and son were thus conversing, there had been another individual interested in the movements of the bailiff and his posse. Old Silverthorne came hurrying up from his shop, going directly to the stable, where he found Luke Rissell.

Luke had been under sheriff and his men after?

They were after the smugglers.

What smugglers?

Hector Barthel and his crew.

The old man started. He had not known that Barthel was on the coast. He had just returned from Farworth, and had heard no news. Did Luke know where the smugglers were?

He heard Roger Brentwood say that they were somewhere about the mouth of the Loyne.

"I must have a horse at once," said Silverthorne. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were contracted as with intense feelings were working deeply. "Give me one of the fleetest!" Luke ventured to ask him where he was going. He seemed very curious to know why the old man should be so moved by this danger to the outlaws, for that such was the case there could be no doubt.

"Don't stop to question me, my good Luke, but bring me a horse as quickly as possible. I am willing to confess that I have a deep interest in the capture of some one or more of that vile crew, but I cannot tell you more now."

Luke looked curiously at the speaker, and the groom proceeded to saddle one of the horses, and when all was ready, he helped the old man into the saddle.

"If," said he, "I should be asked whither you had gone, what shall I say?"

"It is understood that I am to have the use of boats and horses?"

"Yes."

"Then tell the inquirer that you do not know. Say that I rode off in the direction of Hornby."

With this Silverthorne started, taking the road by the river—around the hill—and stopping not until he reached Farworth. He sought the Lord Leyvine at once, and asked to see her alone. She met him in one of the drawing-rooms, and closed the door after her.

The greetings were short, and upon the maiden's part, betokened perfect confidence in her visitor. And such had been the old man's influence upon her. She had given him her whole wealth of sympathy and esteem, and had come to regard him as one worthy in every way to be her friend and counselor. And, withal, the man then was, with the place of PARENT vacant, the white-haired man had almost won the whole love of the child.

"Lorinda," he said, speaking more firmly, and with more of strength, than was his wont, "I have come to you upon a curious errand, and I have to beg, in the outset, that you will not ask me many questions. Permit me to say, that I do a work upon which I believe Heaven may look most favorably. And here it is: When I reached Cheswold, to-day, I found the bailiff of Poulton there, with a posse of armed men; and I learned that they were in quest of a gang of smugglers. I made further inquiries, and found that the celebrated chieftain, Duncan Barthel, was on the coast, and that he and his crew were the objects of the search.—What is it, my child?"

"Nothing, sir. Go on."

She uttered her answer, and tried to appear calm.

"I have reasons, lady, for wishing to see these smugglers before the bailiff falls in with them, and prevent a different course from the last. I first called upon now to adopt. But, as it is at present, my movements in their behalf must be a decided one. Once within the power of the sheriff, and all hope is gone. Would you not be willing to do something for the safety of the crew whose life I have saved?"

Lorinda had until now been trembling violently; but gradually she became calm; and when she spoke, her voice was strangely sweet and musical.

"Elroy Clifton saved my life—saved it at the risk of his own. I owe him my life, and, for his good, it is at his service. Show me how I can help him, and I shall not hesitate. The pride of station can come between me and my gratitude—no fear of censure can cause me to forget one of my heart's deep duties. Speak on, sir, for I can trust you."

"Noble, generous girl, God give you reward for this!" Silverthorne raised the maiden's hand to his lips—kissing it fervently. In a moment his voice quivered; but presently it was strong again. "I have not how I may find the youth; but I hope I may find him in season. Now, you must know that the sea are after him, and armed men upon the land are ready to pounce upon him. He must find a shelter. I have thought of Farworth. Could I lend him hither, he might be safe. There might be other places, but I dare not trust them. If I find him, and can lead him away from his pursuers, shall I bring him to this old nid?"

"Aye—bring him," was the answer; "and bring John Durwood with him. If there is safety for them at Farworth, they shall have it," said, if the laws of my country be outraged by the act, then between me and my God be the settlement."

The old man stopped not for further remark. Time was precious, and he had none of it to spare. He blessed the noble girl once more, and then hastened.

CHAPTER XX.

ENTHUSED!

Early on the morning of the day during which the events last recorded transpired the smuggler brig was hauled in close to shore as possible, and the crew went at work to break out her cargo, which consisted mostly of wines and liquors, with some tobacco, and a few bales of silken stuffs that had been taken from a French coasthandler. Before night the whole lot was safely on shore, and had been hidden away in the woods, where one not initiated would never think of looking for it.—But this unloading had not taken place where certain spies had expected it would. On the previous day the brig had been run into a snug harbor at the mouth of the river Loyne; but the appearance of revenue-looking persons had been reported by friends from the shore; so, during the night, the smugglers headed out and sailed up the bay, seeking another shelter close by the confines of Westmoreland, where, as we have seen, they discharged their cargo without interruption. In doing this they had received the assistance of quite a number of the peasantry, who had come with horses and carts, and who, when the night approached, took it upon themselves to stand watch near the concealed goods.

"Tom will see only watch the goods," said Barthel, "and you will also keep your eyes open for the approach of enemies. From the report which we received before, I am suspicious that the officers are upon our track. I hope we have led them off the scent; but it may not be so. If old Roger Brentwood is after us, he is there reno to believe, he will not return to Poulton until he has searched somewhere. So, keep a sharp lookout; and if you detect any suspicious hieroglyphics, let us be signs to arm for fight."

The peasants promised that they would be watchful, and Barthel and Barthel then went on board his vessel with his crew. It was fairly dusk when they had each other supper, and, as they were somewhat fatigued with the labors of the day, they were retired early to their rest. Each of two men being left upon deck, and a relief arranged for every two hours.

At ten o'clock John Durwood and Elroy Clifton came on board, and after passing a few moments in silence, the former keeping a lookout upon the shore, while the latter turned in a sensible manner, they came together upon the forecastle, and, as it was dark together.

"What is it, Elroy?" Durwood asked, as he caught the earnest expression of the youth. It was not so much the expression of the face which the old man had detected, but the manner and accompanied; for the dim starlight did not reveal the workings of the features very plainly. "You have you upon your mind?"

"It is this, dear Durwood," replied Elroy, having cast his eyes about, as though to assure himself that they were alone: "I have been thinking over a serious matter, and I have also made up my determination. I mean to sail in the brig as mate."

"Ah!"

"I have considered upon it, and am resolved."

"To be frank with you, my boy, I have read your thoughts for some time back; as your actions have shown; does not, sister the which will you go when you leave us?"

"Leave us?" repeated Elroy, with strong emotion. "Ah, no, no," he added, shaking his head; "I cannot leave you. I am to stay with me. We will go together somewhere."

That money I asked Barthel guiding intently into his companion's face. "Where will you go to sail?"

"Anywhere, rather than here," replied the young enthusiast, "for there is to be worst kind of safety. It is like hiding from a lie behind a barrier of ice falsehood. By and by the whole fabric must come tumbling down, and we may be crushed beneath the ruin. Every day spent here is but an addition to the weight which must fall upon us, when must be come upon the earth where we can be safe."

"Elroy, my boy, I fear that you may be; but not for me. I am content to remain where I am."

"No, no,—don't say so. I cannot go without you; and yet I cannot stay here. My life now is given up to the service of another, and that of this outlawed station. I feel within me the stirring of higher aspirations than I have known for years; hopes, then can find fruition in the sphere. In the navy of my country, where there is a continual warfare going on between the duties imposed upon me and the temptations which lie on this which the soul owes to its God. I grow weary of this inactivity, and should feel that the time has come when there is no need and necessary for me to remain."

For some moments John Durwood regarded his companion in silence. At length he said, in a low, searching tone:

"Elroy, is the shadow of the fair young mistress of Farworth has some influence upon you?"

The youth started; and the quick movement of the hand towards his breast plainly told that the shaft had been heard.

"It was not kind to speak so," he returned, when he had recovered himself.

"As I live, I meant no error in the speech," cried Durwood. "I thought not of Lovie when I spoke."

"I assume you not, good Durwood. But you mistake me if you think that a thing so extraneous hath induced me to this. Still, I can freely confess that the Lady Lorinda Vertbrook has expected some influence upon me. I am in a sphere which I have breathed in her presence may have inspired me to more effective thought —may have hastened my decision,—but not indeed it. No—the subject has been with me, in my secret reflections, for a long while. And now, as we are once more upon the coast of England, and are likely to remain—"

"Ha!—Hark!" So uttered Durwood, and as

he spoke, he started to the rail, and gazed off upon the water. "Did you hear that sound?"

"What sound?" asked Elroy.

"It was the dip of oars. Ha—there it is again."

"Aye—I heard it then. Hark!—By the host, there are boats approaching us. Is it not so?"

Before Barrocud could reply there came another cause for alarm. Upon the shore there was a sudden flash, like the burning of a quantity of loose powder, followed by a report and afterwards by the rising of a rocket into the air.

"We are attacked, as sure as fire!" cried Elroy, starting towards the quarter-deck. "Do you arouse the men in the forecastle, and I'll call the captain."

The smuggler crew were quick in their movements small shirts, and on many occasions had escaped they were all on deck. Barthol had been the first up, and when his alarm was also responded, Durwood told him of the signal from the shore, and also of the sound he had heard upon the water. As soon as he had received the intelligence he commanded his men to be silent; and, as the crash of fork was heard upon the deck, the sound of falling oars came heavily through the air.

"There are more than one boat," said Elroy.

"Aye," returned the captain, "it is even so."

"And," added the youth, "we are attacked from the shore and the sea both."

"That may be," said Barthol. "Our friends may have discovered our danger."

All this moment an exclamation from the mate called the attention of the captain to the shore, and after looking a few seconds, he could see men moving upon the beach.

"They may be friends," said Barwood, who had come over.

"No," returned Barthol; "that cannot be; for, see—there are a full dozen of them. That is Elroy said. We are attacked upon both hands! But we will defend ourselves. Let the men keep and stand by to repel enemies! We will not surrender without a struggle. It is too late to think of taking to our boats. We shall be safer here."

Ere long the outlines of two boats came breaking through the darkness; and it was evident that they were full of men.

"And," said Barthol, "they are seamen, too, as we can tell by the way they handle their oars. Thank's a moon does not shine so far off. By my life, this is likely to be a severe job. Are you sure, sir, no one else is on board?"

It was dubious enough on the other hand; for the men upon the shore had found boats, and were putting off.

Duncan Barthol was, for the time, undecided how to act. He was fairly in a trap, and was likely to be attacked by a force three times as strong as he was. He had the advantage of position; but that was not sufficient to overcome the disparity in numbers. This plan of the enemy must have been laid with great care; and effective spies must have been employed. However, there was not much time for consideration, as the boats from the sea and the boats from the shore, were already approaching very near.

"What is to be done?" asked Elroy.

"Ha! your voice trembles!" cried the captain, turning quickly upon him.

"I am not afraid for those men," replied the youth, boldly.

"Then tell me what you would do?" responded Barthol.

"Obey your orders."

"You will—then fight! For, by the eternal heavens, I am not to be frightened into a quiet surrender! What ho, my men! Shall we fight, or defend our deck to the last?"

In a moment more the reply was hailed from one of the boats that had come in from the sea; and Barthol made answer:

"Where is Duncan Barthol?" came from the boat.

"He is here!"

"Then, in the name of the King, I order you to surrender!"

"We surrender to no men's order. If you want us, come and take us!"

"Do you mean to resist us?"

"If you attempt to board this vessel, you will find out."

Upon this the two boats stopped, and there seemed to be a consultation. Presently the men were set fall again, and their courses were shaped so they passed very under the brig's stern, where, in a few minutes, they were joined by the other boats from the shore. Here another consultation was held; and, to what purpose was very soon evident for, when they separated, they approached the brig as a swift sail, by the port and starboard, and two upon the starboard side; and then they came up they grappled to the chains, and were soon pouring over the vessel's rail.

The smugglers were brave, resolute men; and they were ready and willing to fight; but they had been opposed to no force. As soon as the invaders had boarded, which they did with a short struggle, Barthol was to whom he had to contend. Upon one hand came the tall form of Sir Rupert, Brentwood; while upon the other came the noble-looking commander of the most effective revenue cutter on the coast.

"Hold!" shouted Brentwood, when he saw that his men were at his back, and that the other party were with him. "Where is Duncan Barthol?"

"Here!" replied the smuggler chieftain, taking a step forward.

"Do you mean to resist us?"

Barthol did not give immediate answer. It was a bitter pill for that old marauder—and yet how would he avoid it. He had resisted the coming of the enemy, he had fought them, and now, to resist further, would be only madness. He drew his sword slowly and answered the question for their position showed that they had no intention to contend against such numbers of their own consequence.

"How is it, Duncan—resist we fight?"

"No," replied the chief, slowly lifting up his sword. "For myself I would fight to the death, but I will not impulsively expose my men to a surrender!" He quivered like a wind-riven oak as he spoke; and it was plain to see that the old word had cost him a wonderful effort.

There was little more said on board the brig. The smugglers saw that they were helplessly prisoners, and they submitted with a good grace as possible. After the handcuffs were on, Barthol asked whither he was going to be taken. But his captors had not yet decided. They should take him on to more force. They allowed him to go into his cabin and get such articles as he wished to take with him, and then he was conducted into a boat.

When the shore was reached a new question arose. Where were the condemned victims which the smugglers had brought off?

"Don't ask me such a question as that," replied Barthol. "If you want them, you must find them."

It was very soon evident to the officers that they could get no information upon this point from the smugglers, as further inquiry was abandoned, and the next thing in order was the disposition which was to be made of the prisoners. It was finally arranged that they should be taken by the boldest, and conducted to Lancaster, while the commander of the cutter took charge of the brig.

While this arrangement was being made Barthol found opportunity to speak with one of the peasants who had helped him remove his cargo, and who had promised to keep watch during the night. The chieftain wished to know how the boldest had fared in his own peculiar vocation.

"They must have had spies," replied the peasant. "They didn't come by the road; nor by any path; but they came out from the wood, and were close on to us ere we knew it. Would the last were cooled!"

It was a solemn enough that the plan had been thoroughly arranged by the bandit and the revenue officers, and that no amount of fortune could have prevented the consummation which had been made.

But there was one thing more, and Barthol had barely time to whisper to the peasant before he was interrupted by Brentwood.

"You may have your share of your cargo, they will not be likely to find it if they are not helped by some traitor," said the latter. "If I do, his son died the goods safe."

The man promised, and then, as he gave the bailiff approaching, he turned away.

It was quite midnight when the party was ready to set forth; and it was then necessary to march. The bailiff and his men, twenty-three in number (the horsebacks) which they had procured, wondering shoulders, were to go on foot, and the prisoners, all but Barthol, being thus disposed; for each man was bound, and, in addition, tied to his companion by a stout cord turned several times around the elbow.

Barthol was allowed his horse, and, alone, and, as it happened, Elroy Clifton and John Durwood were to ride in company with him. It may have been so arranged from the fact that these three were the most quiet of the party, and seemed likely to give the least trouble; and by the way they had been captured, also. The odd one of the prisoners was a boy—she was a mere child—who had been left behind.

The bailiff's company was not exactly the same that had been sent down with Chiswick. Three of the original force had failed to return, and one could be had enlisted six more in the same village. Some of the men had joined him, partly for the pay, and partly for the sake of the excitement. They were furnished with their own horses, and appointed honest and capable looking fellows they were.

"Now," cried Roger Brentwood, he waving a sword over his head, "all is ready for the adventurers, "we are off; and, if we're any lucky, we'll reach Lancaster long before the night. Forward!"

The order to march was in motion, the bailiff leading off, while his men rode along by the sides of the prisoners.

"O, my soul and life! this is hard!" groaned Elroy Clifton, as he mounted his horse, and dashed upon his hands, and the sixes, tight thong, upon his back. "Can you not help me, Durwood, to me?"

"Don't be cast down, Elroy," returned Durwood, kindly. "You are yet young, and the time to you may have possible for you."

"No, no," the youth cried, bitterly. "This ruin is not to be washed away by time. The sun of my hope is set. Oh, that while I had bullied in the future, wherein were the hole of my life! I will fallen to some use, and then I would that I had not lived to this hour!"

Roger Brentwood rode down comfort him? He could not, and he was silent.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE KING'S WARRANT.

It was a narrow by-way along which the bailiff and his prisoners, running very near to the shore of the bay, and within sight of the ocean and Carnford. At the distance of two miles from the point where the party commenced their route, there was situated a little town, and it was to this town that the prisoners were to be taken. As they struck into this gloomsome road, Brentwood and his men were on the alert to keep close to their respective charges, and to watchful. He directed his sentinel officer to ride on ahead, and then he drew upon one side, and the rear guard upon the other, that they might see that he could see no more than two or three of the prisoners at the same time, for, when they all moved by him, he was sure that everything would be safe, and no chance for the rebellion of the column.

"We shall stop in the prison at Lancaster before this night is passed," said Elroy, after the bailiff had left them.

"I suppose so," returned Durwood.

"And you will be there?"

"The old man did not answer.

"Are you not?" the youth repeated.

"I cannot tell. The reply was given dubiously and hesitatingly.

"Why do you not tell at Lancaster?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"And if you are there will you be confined. What power can save us?"

"None."

"Nothing can save us. Is it not so? Is there any possible hope?"

"Why do you press these questions, Elroy?" Durwood asked, turning upon him a look which to climb for the simple purpose of feeling back. I would know the truth, and be given dubiously and hesitatingly.

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"I mean to ask you," returned Durwood, "whether you would have been there, I mean, that was not so at liberty."

"I cannot tell you. I could not tell you here. Did you not hear me?"

"No. I have not the least idea who he was."

"Then, sir, you are not in Cornwall. He is our friend, and, if he keeps his promise, you may count him a friend, also. If you can, you we had better be moving. The rot is not far off."

"I think you are right. I will give definitely and hesitatingly.

"Yes. I suppose so."

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"None."

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MORNING AND EVENING.

[From the Private Journal of a Passenger Publican.]

BY G. D. WALLIS.

I sing the beauteous misery,
Whom I can ne'er forget,
Ona in the Morning bright and rare,
With eyes of blue and features fair,
In golden ringlets set.
Sweet as a dawn in June, she glows
In beauty, like the morning rose.

Sings she of Love's sweet memories,
Which lingerers while the years last—
They come, in all their radiant beams,
And glowing hopes, and golden dreams,
And sunlight of the past,—
While going in her light step's
Salt to the glow of Southern skies.

The dark-eyed youngster sister
Is like a Summer's even,
When we forget our cares and pains,
In gazing on the burning stars,
Above the vales of Heaven.
And still to me her eyes reveal
Something which she would fain conceal,—

A dream of Love's Elysium,
A joy with such sweet memory
Of life in summer nights inlaw,
Enamelling with their foreboding dyes
Among the flitting flowers.
And yet, I think, love can it be,
That life has such a joy for me!

A mountain isle revealing
Its beauties to the sun—
Its harbouring cove and blooming trees,
Its bright face dimpled in the breeze,
As fair as fresh spun,
And yet, by moonlight, I have been
Much more enamored of the scene.

The morning kiss, all glistening,
In Ona, bright and fair,
But the moonlit sheen, where the fairies dance,
Becomes the eyes of Annie Laurie.
With Ruth in the vine,
Watching close to my side, from fear
Of unseen dangers lurking near.

But then the night seemeth lonely
Betwixt the wish to tell
That which still Evening must confess,
But which I never may possess,
From dark-eyed Isabel:
So goes the picture, unredress'd,
From east to west, a power giving grace,
Life's but a day, and then we rest.

THE MONKEY ROBBERS.

BY ZIEDONY HENNEY.

A small party of us met at the house of a friend, and, after inculcating on various topics, we gradually glided into the story line of gentlemanism, who had lately returned from a visit to South America, related the following exciting incident, which he declared was true in every particular:

"The first land I set foot on in South America (said the narrator) was in the town of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. On entering a foreign country for the first time, there are a thousand novel and curious things to arrest the eye and fix the attention of the stranger, which he becomes so accustomed to after even a short residence as to forget to notice; and it is only not from the very first make a note of all he sees, he can never afterward recover a true impression thereof to another.

"The harbor of Rio Janeiro, I may say, *exposed*, is one of the finest and most magnificent in the world; and when the eye of a cloudless summer morning streaming over the glassy waters of the bay, and resulting in bold relief the multitudes of gaily painted vessels, either riding at anchor or floating leisurely to and fro, with their variously-colored flags, pennants and signals dropping from their tapering spars; the bluff and rocky shores, clothed in all of ramson, lived in suits of some distinguished stranger; the hundreds of boats carrying passengers in all directions, and rowed by half naked negroes, whose dusky persons strongly contrast with their white burdens; the well built city spreading among gently-rising hills of green, whose summits are crowned with convents and churches; the shoals of monkeys, mules stretching upward into the very sky and shutting in the whole—with all the living panorama, taken in with one clear sweep of the eye, its scenes become one of the most grand and picturesquely beautiful to be found upon the globe.

"On passing up the Rua Direita, the principal street of the town, I was struck with the marked difference between the three classes of men over which I met on the way. The first were well dressed and well-behaved citizens, employed as traders and peddlers—the second were soldiers of no very inferior stamp—and the third were mere beasts of burden, almost naked, filthy, and wretched in the extreme.

"It was my intention, as soon as I could provide myself with a horse, mule, or donkey, to make a journey into the interior; and while engaged with my preparations, I was accosted by a mulatto, in something like a sailor dress, with a small, but very stripped mule in his arm, who inquired if I would not honor him by a purchase of his poor person.

"'I wish nothing to-day,' I replied.

"'Your worship will at least look before you decide,' he rejoined, at once opening his box and displaying a small but very neatly collection of diamonds, rubies, and other gems, set in devices of gold that showed not a common or unskilled workmanship. 'Your honor is a gentleman,' he continued, eying me closely, 'and therefore, sir, will not leave a poor man to ruin when you get a good bargain. If you do not wish to order anything when you are first offered from all others of your nation I ever met. Perhaps not my eye, sir, that you do not like the first water; and he held up a rare stone in a very sparkling.

"'The price?' said I, carelessly.

"'Has nothing to do with under no suspicion. If the diamond was genuine, it was too little; if an imitation, it was too much. This I only expressed in so many words.

"'Well,' he replied, 'the diamond is genuine—if that you need have no fear—for the rest, do as you think best about purchasing it.'

"On this I examined the gem closely, and, considering myself a pretty good judge, soon came to the conclusion that whoever should purchase it at the sum named would get a large gain indeed.

"'If I could only be sure it was honestly obtained,' I said, with some hesitation, looking him steadily in the eye.

"'Senhor,' he answered, without quailing in the least, 'if you were to purchase this of a lapidary, he would ask a thousand pieces of eight for it first cost, and that profit would exactly make his difference between my price and yours, and you think it is worth. The whole secret of my trade is, that I only work amongst a nobleman, my master, who desires to turn them into ready money as a little consulting more than he could get by disposing of them to any professional jeweler, in this town. In your country you could sell that diamond for more than I ask for it—here you could not get quite as much. Are you satisfied, or shall I close my box, and seek a more speculative purchaser?'

"I considered a few minutes, still examining the stone carefully, and then, as I really did want the diamond, and could spare the amount without inconvenience, I ventured to offer a sum below the price named.

"'No, Senhor!' he said, positively, returning the diamond to his box, closing it abruptly, and walking away with an offended air.

"Feeling satisfied from this that he had told me the truth, I called him back and handed him the required amount, and then, carefully rolling the jewel in cotton, placing it in my own end of a red silk purse, and depositing the whole in a side pocket, I soon closed my bargain.

"In the course of a couple of days I had completed all the arrangements for my proposed journey, and well mounted on a good horse, with a mule laden with provisions under charge of my guide, I took leave of the town on the third morning, and set out along the coast, which we travelled for several leagues, and then turned off into the interior, where, for many days, I found there were but few inhabitants, and which gradually grew scarcer as we proceeded.

"I doubt not, gentlemen, I could interest you with the various incidents of my journey; but as it is my intention to detail only one, with its curious concomitants, I will confine myself to that. Suffice it to say that we travelled for many days, I found myself in the very heart of a deep-shaded, almost impenetrable forest, which has only been untrodden for centuries, and where the dark foliage of the trees, in the exposition of enormous and cloughs depicted on its swarthy face, and call a feeling of deep humility over me.

"'Will your worship pardon me?' By all the saints, I had almost forgotten my way!'

"He was a small, wiry fellow, the mixed blood of the Indian, the negro, and the Portuguese, but his face was a pleasing one, and his intelligent face, and, as he had come to me highly recommended, I had no fear of failure, under him of treachery.

"'It is a pretty pity,' I said, 'for I am in a hurry to get to the mines of San Joze; but I suppose it is some very terrible error of your fault, and that by going back to the path we have missed we can retrieve our error?'

"'Yes, Senhor—yes—and you are very kind not to blame me! Let us turn off to the left, and get clear of this thicket, and then I will soon set matters right again.'

"In half an hour we had reached the foot of a rocky ridge, where the trees were not so dense as above which stretched upward some of the tallest I had ever seen. The sun, piercing with its brilliant fire, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

We always stop the LEDGER on the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

We PARTICULARLY ASSURE.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to call upon you for pay for the LEDGER, he is a swindler.

REMITTING MONEY.—We will not return remitted money except

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $3 per annum; one copies, $5; four copies, $8; eight copies, $15. Postmasters and others will get up clubs and observe the following terms: $1.50. The party who sends us $15 for a club of eight copies, but sent at less than 1 will be entitled to a copy free. TERMS, invariably in advance. Subscribers can commence with any number. Canada subscribers will be required to remit twenty-six cents extra for postage, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a quarter on every paper. The name of the post-office should be taken at once. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. Address all letters to NEW YORK LEDGER.

ADVICE TO STRANGERS VISITING NEW YORK FOR THE FIRST TIME.

If you engage a carriage to convey you from the depot to a hotel, and the driver takes in three other passengers, and delivers them at places whose the city to deliver those passengers at their several homes, it is not necessary for you to pay fare for the whole five miles. The driver may entertain a different opinion, but no matter for that. He is only entitled to fare from the depot to the hotel reckoned by the most direct route.

The best dressed men in Broadway are gamblers. Decline the advances of a man whose overcoat is calculated to strike awe into every beholder.

If a man with a remarkably fine beard, dyed and to most magnificent black, with a diameter of a quarter of an inch in diameter in his cravat, approaches you with a smile, and asks you whether you have lost a pocket-book, answer No, and continue steadfastly on your way, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The same course is to be pursued if he says you dropped ring instead of pocket-book. His object, in the first case, is to dispose of a few counterfeit notes in an old pocket-book for five dollars; in the second, of a brass ring with a red stone glass in it, for three dollars. It is a peculiarity of this gentleman that he is always on the point of leaving the city, and yet never leaves it, till his travelling expenses are paid by a grateful community.

Fishmongers have remarked, and, indeed, not without reason, that a lady is an omnibus, as she is shortly dressed, yet wears no gloves, may be rejected, if opportunity offers, to insert one of her fair hands in the pocket of an individual who sits next to her. Ringsy confesses that he has frequently been done.

Respecting omnibuses, it is to be observed that the sting by which passengers hold conveyance with the driver is not connected with the horses; and, therefore, it is not necessary, when a stout country gentleman wishes the vehicle to stop, for him to seize the strap with both hands, and perform the gymnastic feat of lifting his body to his chin by main strength. Even in the face of an unmistakable desire in Jonathan

In crossing the street, beware of prestigiation. The prompter may long be engaged in the act, and on opening in the rush of vehicles will certainly escape.

The hour of the stranger is tender. But when, on a raw and gusty day in March, he sees a youth of fifteen minutes standing barefoot on the sidewalk, holding out to the passers-by large pairs of ladies' shoe-bows, imploring him to buy the same, let him stifle compassion, and pass on with stony countenance. The benevolent wish, or may be assured that that youth knows perfectly well where to find his mother when he wants them.

On sunday days, when there are two children in each crossing sputtering the most absurd, and two dirty little hands are outstretched to receive the pennies of a shadeling public, mendicants are of opinion that it is not essential to put a penny in each of the little dirty hands; because, if so, it would be necessary to purchase a wheelbarrow to carry the requisite quantity of copper coin. The best thinkers on this subject consider that when a man has given out all the pennies and three-cent pieces he has in his pockets, the claims of justice and humanity are satisfied.

It is not every Extra or Third Edition, with important news, that requires the instantaneous perusal of the stranger. It may also be observed that the price of no evening paper exceeds three cents. What calm courage is required in a visitor to go his evening paper at its "natural prices?" Yet it can be done; nay, it has been done; and what man hath done man may do.

Ladies from the country: It is whispered that when a store-keeper announces an "awful sacrifice," he sometimes means an awful sacrifice of *your* money. We have also heard that "wet goods" are not always such as have been removed from the briny deep, or from the raging fire. Croton, innocent Croton, the Croton in the bowl hard, is supposed to have some agency in producing like dampness than salt water, and is cheaper in pursuit of bargains.

Those who are lured on to the windows of cheap jewelry stores, should pronounce three times in a low voice these solemn words: GOLD IS WORTH MORE THAN SIXTEEN DOLLARS AN OUNCE. After that, let them enter if they will.

Finally: No matter how smart you may be considered at home, remember that there are people daily as smart as yourself in the city of New York. We have never yet seen any one in that city who was willing to be cheated, though, nothing; or, in other words, who was willing to dispose of any article, or any thing, for less than its value; therefore, avoid sweeping-dollar bargains, no matter in what shape they come.

—W. G. Bartlett, Esq., of New York, is not a candidate for any appointment, and would not accept any. He took a holiday part in the proceedings at Trenton, but it was not for personal friendship that anything else. Mr. Bartlett is here to attend to an important patent case. He devotes his attention to that profession, which is more profitable to him than any favors anybody could bestow.

We are pleased to see the above telegraphic dispatch from Washington to the New York Tribune, because we do not want "Uncle Sam" to monopolize Mr. Bartlett's services. We have, in several very important cases, retained him, as have also some of our prominent merchants with whom we are acquainted, and we do not want to be deprived of his professional services. Commodore Vanderbilt, who had employed him to argue a case before the State Department at Washington, involving several millions of dollars, once said to us that if anybody could explain a thing Mr. Bartlett could. Our own experience coincides with that of the Commodore.

CRIVALRY REBUKED—HEROISM PUNISHED.

He who stands unresistingly by, and sees a friend suffer an assault which he is capable of opposing, is regarded, by the common consent of mankind, as guilty of the basest cowardice and meanness. If he be able-bodied and powerful, the general contempt for him is proportionately increased. If, on the other hand, the by-stander is weakly, little or nothing is expected of her, because she is presumed to be weak, and under the head of protection than bound to afford it. For this very reason whatever she does in the matter, and all the more heroic is her worthy. If the case is that of a slight and feeble girl, who, through the essence of a man against a strong and formidable antagonist, is roughly assaulted by her is considered generous and noble in the extreme.

An instance of the last-named kind occurred in Duane street, in this city on the 15th day of the year 1860. Catherine Carr was standing beside Michael Jordan, when Roger Loftus, a savage and drunken disturber of the peace, came up and, without the slightest provocation, made a brutal assault upon Jordan. Catherine Carr, to the defence of Jordan, and, using the only weapon which she had, a small parasol, struck the ruffian several blows on the head.

Did she do wrong or right? Was it an act cowardly, mean, criminal, or all such-scoffing, and unwomanly, and she ought to be the punishment of which any man, anywhere throughout the world, would be more ashamed than he is convicted by his associates and acquaintances?

Unfortunately, the law of the state this deed would follow it up by others no less noble. It says, when, days afterward, the wife of Loftus, at the hospital, and Jordan, who had been arrested, was brought to the police office the once frowned and told that it was also who had struck the wound.

Who could have done better? What woman but stood in a position to do more?

But the authorities of the law seine her; she—we suppose under legal advice—guilty of manslaughter, and has been committed to *for your imprisonment at Sing Sing.*

The judge adjudged sisters their reasoning in passing this terrible and ignominious sentence upon Catherine Carr. Mrs. Loftus died. Jordan it was because her nurse was Frailty that she struck the parasol; but, had she been the wife of Jordan, the act would have been justifiable and commendable in the extreme. Why should he saw a frail women do a good deed he did not do? Why should she receive the highest praise for all her past transgressions. On the contrary, she should be punished for the performance of a good. "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven."

Is this right? Is it just? Is it humane? Confirmed a life of shame, indelibility, unfurnished by the law, but for one single act of heroism, one virtue she is doomed to a terrible retribution?

This strikes us as a singular mode of encouraging virtue and discouraging vice. Is it upright judge? did not this occur to you?

Where is this girl to proclaim? In Sing Sing! Does the powerful government of the State of New York wreak vengeance more on the heads of young Misses for deeds which may be considered humane, to punish them for a soothing courage, in the lives of all her robes of the penitentiary? If Sing Sing was specified exclusively for acts of this character, the State Prison would receive a certain mark of prouder distinction than the Bishop's love or the judge's power.

GOURMANDISM.

"Miss," says the poet, "'tis made to moore," Perhaps it would have been nearer the mark to have said, "'tis made to gourmand." Gourmandism get into the world we expressed his classic opinion that it was the original sin—the fatal fall. From babyhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, he is a gourmand to the end, and as he goes down the hill of life, his gourmandism follows him, and goes with him. To this presentment of the sore there are, of course, honorable exceptions, but they are few with it, and think in their conciseness that they are the exceptions to the rule. Let us remember, why, for the sake of the blessed consolation they make in the world's dark places, we will exempt them altogether. But we men are certainly a gourmandizing race, and the most unmitigated luxury of our exuberances is to grumble whiteat the meals we have. If there ever was a "reasonable season" with which everybody was satisfied, it is the present, immediately after the Flood, when there was no complaint of the want of the narrow escape of the human family from destruction, and everybody was ready to receive as for bounteous and content. All history tells one story: "Man cannot live by bread alone."

HITS OF GREEK.

Sheridan, and "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George," once made a bet as to who should make most coin in the windows while passing through a certain street in London. The wit of Sheridan, and the folly of Sheridan, taking the bright side of the thoroughfare, won the bet. A very similar contingency to that which should find the greater number of kindly sympathizers with the poor, the unfortunate of poverty, might be won by the shrewder of the two. It is not necessary to say that the wealthy pass hogs of bad or blossom, leaning to the light of the window-panes or disdainfully. There are drops of the milk of human kindness in all hearts which return to the beautiful in the appearance of it that the love of plants and flowers never coexisted with utter, irreclaimable depravity.

LETTERS ABOUT OUR STORIES.

MR. BONNER, *Editor New York Ledger*—I have always admired your taste in selecting stories for your paper, but since last night I have become a friend of the work, in a very emotional one. Indeed, I have been so much interested in the story entitled "Fairy Land that I read the "Mirror Sonnets." So attractive was it to her that I read the last chapter at a stretch, and the reading of a few months old, came after the name of Mrs. Elkins, of whom I have not heard for years.

Yours, &c., Mrs. M. Eliza Nowlesbee.

Norwich, Ct., April 3rd, 1862.

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UNSCRUPULOUS AUTHORS.

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THE ART OF PUFFING.

Yes, puffing ranks as an art—a fine art—and many of its professors, at the expense of such small matters as honor, conscience and selfrespect, manage to render its practice remunerative. Like all other arts, it is in a state of progress. The puff direct has fallen into contempt. It is considered by the critics inartistic, vulgar, and comparatively useless. The public can no longer be cajoled by its gross conceit and plausible species of jugglery is therefore necessary. Hence the economic-puffers literature of the profession—fellows who betray the animus of their business by their anxiety to save much in request, and like the crossing-sweeper who was despised by his confreres because he was supposed to the fancy week around the lamp-posts and hydrants, they receive the "old shoulder from the more skilful and ingenious members of the craft.

The strategies resorted to by accomplished puffers to advance their patrons' interests are innumerable, and new ones are adopted every day. Let no mortal, however sharp his wits, fancy that he is proof against them all. Editors and publishers, whose business it is to be on their guard against these snares in the way, are occasionally bitten. An interesting article of a literary character, in the columns of the editorial, of a puff so exquisitely conceived, and so artistically introduced, that the Father of Flies might for a moment doubt the identity of his own offspring. The vigilant supervision exercised over the LEDGER has hitherto, it is believed, preserved its columns from the contamination of such articles; but its vast circulation and reputation for integrity of purpose have of course rendered it a standing mark for the Artful Dodgers of Puffdom, and we often find it difficult to reject well-written contributions on subjects of interest, because they have a stilton taint, only distinguishable under the keenest scrutiny. We must shortly confess.

It may be asserted that there is exercised by a profession or business in the civilized world a more watchful supervision, in some shape or other, assistance from the press. Much of this assistance is, of course, paid and uninterested, but much of it is not, and therefore an evil. Dumas and Alexander Brunis novelists introduce Rothschild's name into their books for "a consideration" in hard gold. Parliamentary orators in the French papers which are neither more nor less than impudent advertisements. Actors and actresses reports in all countries sometimes represent the most exalted views of unselfishness and are not unfrequently the incarnate of the reporters benevolence.

Bubble mines take a solid shape and a golden hue under the head of "special correspondence," and in shorter and more ephemeral editorials. Moonshine cities and impossible railroads obtain great prominence in the distance, evoked by the magic pens of "gentlemen of the press." Businesses are forced up and pinned down with the same potent influences. Reputations are engineered into office, legislate and villainy made to look humble. Oh, if Wenga whitewashed and Rights assailed by the mercenaries "in lookup uniforms dressed up with gold, and in the pay of unlimited to prostitute the institution designed for the diffusion of truth, to the purposes of fraud and falsehood.

THE GREAT STREET CLEANING FIRM.

Do you know this firm? They have no connection with any of the companies in the city contracts—but do an immense amount of public work. There are lots of them, though, in your service—Morris, Rain and Wind Sen and Sunshine Company are the head of the concern, but we here put down the names of the members in the sequence in which we usually see them. Rain, finding the streets in a horrible condition, speedily cleans them; but when he comes to work off all the filth, is compelled to leave a plentiful deposit behind. He then comes to the rescue, and the process completed, thousands of hoofs and wheels assist to an impalpable powder. Wind follows with a powerful broom, and transfers this powder from the earth to the air, where driving it into dwelling houses, and into the pores of the overcoats of people—who ensure him by rushing to the rescue of his assuring the dry goods of both sexes, another portion is driven into shops, warehouses, and every practicable crevice, into stores and dwellings, and the remainder carried on to the unknown bourne of the plains and the flies. Thanks to the indefatigable and unmercenary labors of this firm, our streets are generally in a healthy condition, although there are plebeian times when some of the most essential of business are bitterly forbidden. Of late the third mentioned member of the firm has had the principal charge, and by some unaccountable coincidence, dilapidation, ruin and bankruptcy have unusually prevalent.

We find merely forgotten to say, that besides the great leading street cleansers, Messrs. Rain, Sun and Wind, there is subordinate and inferior class of city scavengers, who are paid large sums for not fulfilling their contracts. The least about them the better—for them.

ONCE A WEEK.

Putting, for a moment, the divine obligations of the Sabbath out of the question, ought we not to retire from active business life at least as often as once a week, in order to all to judgment upon ourselves? Men with the strongest desire to be just and generous, without being conscious of it at the time, deflect from the straight and narrow path of right under the insidious pressure of business cares. The individual who withdraws from the pursuits and pleasures of the world one day in every week, and on that day subjects his acts and motives to a rigid moral examination—who, as it were, stations for himself *a private and personal Sunday School*, and becomes his own instructor, his own judge, his own accuser, his own executioner—such a man will avoid

BLOW APRIL WIND.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Oh, thou unseen spirit of air,
Blowing ringlets out of the hair,
Kissing the cheeks so red and fair
Of my sweet little maiden.
Oh, take thy cold lips from her ear,
For she is young, and should not hear
The whispered words of lovers dear
Whose hearts are heavy laden.

Blow, blow, from plenty's mellow horn,
The note that wakes the flowers at morn,
Blow into bloom the buds new born;
But sigh not like a lover.
Blow butterflies among the flowers,
Blow humming-birds into the bowers,
Blow bobolinks upon the towers
Of lilies in the clover.

But blow no "ringlets from the braid"
Of the soft hair of my sweet maid;
Nor make her gentle soul afraid
With doubt that interposes.
Blow clouds from hearts dim with despair,
Blow rain from faces sad with care,
Blow blossoms on the thorns so bare,
That life may blush with roses.

Bland April wind; thy words of balm,
Are sweet as bird-notes in the calm;
But lean not on that round white arm,
When thou art softly sighing.
Haste, haste, thou gallant wind away,
And bring thy gentle sister May,
And with her bring my wedding day—
Thy wings are bright while flying.

Why is it April often weeps,
And sighs, and sighs, but never sleeps,
With eyes of stars her vigil keeps,
Till morn her window raises?
A shadow follows every laugh,
She leans upon a blooming staff,
But May will write her epitaph,
In daffodils and daisies.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. and Mrs. Sitterly and their now valuable friend, the lawyer, who had all been so much alarmed, but whose fears were now greatly diminished, withdrew into another room and conversed for a few minutes apart.

"It's a plot!" said Blass, "and Seth Lynde is at the bottom of it."

"Most clearly so," added Frederick.

"A most transparent plot," said Mrs. Sitterly. "Strange! Strange, that human nature should be so depraved!"

"But *she* is not in it," rejoined Blass. "She is too good for that; besides, every word, and look and gesture of her's shows that she is in earnest. No actress could have gone through a part so naturally."

Frederick fully assented to this proposition, but Mrs. Sitterly did not reply.

"No, Lynde, has done it all, and I should not wonder if the old man, his father, had a hand in it. He is a deep one, and though he is generally considered honest, probably he has his price like other folks. The stake is a large one."

"But how could he be benefitted?"

"How? would not this counterfeit heir, if his claim were established, be entirely under the control of Evelyn? and does not Seth hope to make her his wife?"

"Very true."

"Probably the Lyndes might even procure the guardianship—or might get Evelyn appointed, which would be the same thing for them. Then the whole property would be in their hands—excepting your dower."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes—and we—that is to say, you, could even be held accountable for past receipts."

Mrs. Sitterly looked greatly disturbed; but replied calmly:

"Well—it is well we are on our guard in time, before——"

"Before you have made some recognition of the child which might commit you," interposed the lawyer. "You must be very careful of that."

"Never fear," said Frederick.

"I guess there is no danger of that," added the lady, laughing. "But who can this boy be? and where could they have procured him?"

"Easily enough," replied Blass promptly, who, like the Tempter at their side, stood ready to supply any *hiatus* in the resolution or courage of his companions. "There are plenty of such waifs floating around the world—orphan children—who would be willing to have an estate thrust upon them. And among the many, it could be no difficult matter to find one of the right age and size, and bearing otherwise a considerable resemblance to your lost son, especially considering the time they had to do it in—some four years."

"I suppose not."

"You must not even be surprised if the resemblance should be considerable—or even extraordinary. 'The books' are full of cases of mistaken identity, resulting from the exact likeness of people to each other. Men have been hung for such an unfortunate resemblance; whole communities have been deceived, and even a wife has been known to swear to the wrong man for her husband."

Blass was really a great comforter to his friends now; they appreciated him, and he felt his importance.

"It strikes me," said Frederick, "that Lynde has not shown any too much shrewdness in putting this boy in the keeping of his own relative. He might know that would lead to suspicion."

"Don't know. There may be great depth of art there. Just what he wants to be able to say: 'Would I have been simple enough to take him to my own aunt if he had been a pretender?'"

"Oh yes—I see."

"Besides, he has needed a great deal of training, of course. No telling how long he has been in hand."

"Well," said Mrs. Sitterly, "he must be seen, and his pretensions disposed of—the sooner the better." She had really schooled herself into the belief that the boy was not Herbert; but a very strong suspicion to the contrary now and then flashed across her mind with startling force.

"You and Simon must go with Evelyn and see him; and do what you can on the way to dispossess the girl of the illusion which has taken so forcible a hold of her mind—that is, if you believe——"

"I believe her to be guiltless of any complicity in this plot," said Blass, chivalrously.

"I *know* she is," added Mr. Sitterly; "I *know* Evelyn—she is weak, but not wicked."

"We shall see; I hope you are right. Go now."

The lady waved her hand unconsciously with the air of command, and her obedient subjects disappeared.

They rejoined Evelyn in the parlor, and quite delighted her with the intelligence that they were going with her at once to see the boy.

"You will be convinced when you have seen him," she said eagerly, as she fastened her bonnet, which had been laid off.

"We are convinced now, Miss Sitterly," replied her lover, as the three started off quickly together, all being influenced by Evelyn's impetuosity.

"Are you? Are you?"

"But not in the way you wish—Miss Sitterly—I am sorry to say, quite the contrary."

"I am very sorry to hear you say it," replied the young lady, mournfully. "But, then, I am sure you *must* change your mind when you see him, unless indeed——"

She was about to add impulsively, "unless you are determined not to believe," but she did not dare to say this.

Her father finished the sentence for her by saying:

"Unless, indeed, there is an entire lack of proof, which you will find is the case. It is a preposterous idea of yours, Evelyn—and we are going with you, not for the purpose of convincing ourselves of what we already very well know, but merely to undeceive you."

"To dispel this wild hallucination which has taken possession of your mind," added Blass.

Both spoke so gravely, and looked so earnest; they were both so very much her seniors; she was so much accustomed to regard her father's words as authoritative, that Evelyn's faith in her discovery was really staggered. She did not seriously doubt, but she began to admit to herself the *possibility* of her being deceived, and she longed to get back to Herbert to re-assure herself of his identity.

She kept silent during the remainder of their walk, which was not a long one; but her companions did not, and Blass especially grew voluble in proportion to the hopes of success which he founded on Evelyn's silence.

They arrived at Mrs. Gale's, and found that lady, with her little charge, in her parlor, impatiently awaiting the return of Miss Sitterly with her friends.

Their long delay made her very fearful that Evelyn's excitement had overcome her, or that some accident had happened to her on her way home; for she had been momentarily expecting

MR. SITTERLY AND MR. BLASS INVESTIGATE HERBERT.

that her house would be taken by storm by the whole Sitterly family with loud acclamations of joy.

What was her astonishment at a scene so different from the one she had imagined!

Evelyn, indeed, who preceded her grave companions, rushed rapturously up to the beautiful boy, who, to her equal surprise and delight, was now not only neatly but elegantly apparelled, and hugged and kissed him to her heart's content.

Then, with a tearful look of thanks to Mrs. Gale, she took him by the hand and led him towards her father.

"There, pa!" she said, with a sanguine air. "There! Look! You cannot doubt him now."

What was passing through the minds of the two men at this instant it might be difficult to conjecture. Certainly, no signs of recognition, no expression of joy was perceptible upon either face.

They stood looking very calmly at the lad, Blass with folded arms, and Sitterly with his hat in one hand and a cane in the other, as if they had been very certain that there would be no occasion to give a welcoming grasp to the little stranger.

The elegant Frederick, instead of making any direct reply to his enthusiastic daughter, said to her:

"You forget yourself, my dear. You have not introduced us to Mrs. Gale."

Evelyn colored with the consciousness of a great blunder, and formally introduced the gentlemen, while the good lady protested that it was of no consequence, and she did not wonder that Miss Sitterly had forgotten it.

"Well, Evelyn," said Mr. Sitterly, "that is a very nice boy, but *really*——"

He stopped, and so did Evelyn's heart for the moment.

"Go closer to him, pa! examine him! speak to him."

"Yes, yes, all in good time; but now, as to first impressions, what do you think, Blass? Much too large to begin with."

"But he's been gone four years, pa; he must be ten years old now."

"What do you think, Simon?"

"I should say there was some resemblance," replied the lawyer, indifferently. "Such as is very often seen between children; such, in short, as might naturally strike a young lady of ardent temperament like Miss Sitterly here, in whose mind the image of her lost brother was constantly dwelling; hem!"

Mrs. Gale had looked on and listened with the air of one quite astounded; but now moved by Evelyn's wretched appearance, she spoke.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear you say so, I did not know there was any doubt about the child being yours."

"There is *no* doubt, madam," replied Sitterly, emphatically. "I am certain he is not."

"Dear! dear! How dreadful! It seems impossible she should be mistaken, and yet, of course, a father ought to know best."

"Of course, madam; that is a very sensible remark."

"A very sensible remark," echoed the lawyer.

The overawed Evelyn suppressed the words which rose to her lips—"He is only his step-father."

The frightened lad meanwhile stood looking from one to the other of the speakers with so much embarrassment and alarm, that if he could have slipped away and run anywhere, anywhere from the eyes of those cold, cruel men, he doubtless would have done so.

"Now, then, my boy," said Sitterly, without moving a step nearer to the child, or encouraging the latter to approach him, "what do *you* say about it? What is your name?"

"Edward Weldover," replied the boy, from the force of long habit.

"Oh ho! oh ho! Edward Weldover, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not well trained," whispered Blass; "decidedly not well trained."

Evelyn had started nervously as the answer was given.

"Ask him——" she said.

"Keep still now, my dear, if you please. Where is your father, Edward?"

"He is dead, sir," said the child, faintly.

"When did he die?"

"About a year ago."

Evelyn's agony was increased at this moment by discovering that the horrid lawyer, whose tinted nose glowed with new light, had taken out a pencil and a small memorandum book, and that he was taking notes of Herbert's answers.

"And your mother—where is she?"

"I—I don't know. She went away, and I have been looking for her ever so long."

Down went the answer on Simon's tablets. Evelyn looked appealingly at the boy, who continued, greatly to her relief:

"But she wasn't my *real* mother, and Pa Weldover wasn't my real father."

"Oh ho! here comes the artificial part of the story. Well, go on. Who *was*?"

"I don't know, sir. *She* is my sister."

He pointed to Evelyn as he said this.

"How do you know *that*?" asked Blass, sharply, and with the air of counsel cross-questioning a witness.

"She told me."

"Oh, yes. Well, what else do you know about yourself?"

Herbert did not reply. He looked uneasily around—now at Evelyn, and now at the door, and seemed only anxious to get away from his questioners.

"Do not be afraid to speak, Herbert," said Evelyn, determinedly. "Tell all that you know, and all that you can remember."

"I requested you to be silent, Evelyn. Am I to be obeyed?"

"My name used to be Herbert——"

"Ah, yes—you this instant called him so," said the father; "it was a timely reminder."

——"A long time ago; Herbert Harvey, or something like that. I got lost, and couldn't find my way home; there was a tall, dark man tried to find it, ever so long, and *he* couldn't find it. Then I was sick somewhere—a great while, and Pa Weldover doctored me; and after I got well he took me home."

"And how came your name to be Edward?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Was that Doctor Weldover's name too?" asked Mrs. Gale.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy, very quickly.

"The doctor has named him after himself, you see," added Mrs. Gale, complacently, for she thought, in her simplicity, that any increased consistency she could impart to the artless child's story, would give pleasure to her visitors.

"It seems a little remarkable," said Blass, "that everybody who might be supposed to know anything about this lad is missing. Dr. Weldover is dead, his widow has run away, and 'the tall, dark man,' like the rest of these mythical persons, is nowhere."

"Very true," replied Frederick.

"Can any one," asked the lawyer, looking at Evelyn, "expect such statements to be believed, against the direct proofs of Herbert Harlow's death, which were long since fully adjudicated upon? Even if all that the child says were true, it is but a case of slight resemblance of person and name. But when you consider how much of his impressions have been undesignedly communicated to him by Miss Sitterly herself, and again how much may have been instilled into him by other parties——"

"Ah—yes, that's it."

——"When you consider these things, I say, it is quite idle to indulge any fears—I should say any hopes—that this is your lost step-son, Mr. Sitterly."

"I can see it in no other light; and we are wasting our own, and trespassing upon this lady's time, by staying here. Let us go."

"Father! father! will nothing convince you? Are you——"

"No more, Evelyn. If you desire to discuss this subject further, we will do so after we reach home."

"And *Herbert*—what shall we do with him?"

"*Who* did you say?"

"This boy. You will surely take him home with you—at least, until this question is settled."

"Surely not. It would be——"

"Giving color to his—ah—claim," added Blass.

Evelyn's eloquent face reddened with indignation, but she did not trust herself to reply. She turned to Mrs. Gale, who anticipated her request.

"Leave him with me, of course. I will take the best of care of him; and I shall be delighted to have him stay. Besides, Seth is coming round to see him. I have been expecting him this half hour."

Sitterly and Blass exchanged significant glances.

"Oh, yes—leave him here, of course; it seems to be quite the place for him," said the step-father, laughing satirically. "Come, let us go. Good night, Mrs. Gale."

The old lady's remark about Seth had a tendency to hasten the movements of Evelyn, who quickly gave Herbert a parting kiss, whispered a few kind words to him, and bidding Mrs. Gale adieu, departed with her father and the lawyer.

The gentlemen were, or professed to be, fully confirmed in their previous opinion by the interview, and so they reported to Mrs. Sitterly on their return, greatly to the relief of that lady, to whom they related all the particulars of the examination.

She rejoiced at this, because it relieved her in a great degree from responsibility, and from any odium which might attach to her conduct in the view of those who chose to believe differently. She had promptly sent her husband and her legal adviser to see the pretended heir, and to investigate the matter, upon the first intelligence which she had received in regard to him. They had reported adversely to his claim, or rather the claim made by interested people in his behalf, and she would doubtless be compelled, however painfully, to acquiesce in the correctness of their judgment.

Such was the view of the case which was to meet the public eye, for Mrs. Sitterly by no means defied or even slighted public opinion. She exulted in the power which enabled her in some degree to control it; her friends and followers, who only required to know her views on any subject in order to be quite sure of their own, were very numerous, and many of them were themselves wealthy people, who likewise had their retainers to reflect and disseminate their sentiments. A word, a nod, a look from Mrs. Sitterly had its influence through all these loyal ranks.

Propriety, she knew, would require that she should herself see the child. The way was paved now, and she announced her intention of visiting him the very next day.

She would not, she said, abandon all hope until she had herself beheld and conversed with him; and it would be some gratification, at least, although a painful one, to see a boy who bore a resemblance to her lost son.

She even had the assurance to say all this in Evelyn's hearing, who listened wonderingly, yet, in her simplicity, hopefully to the declaration.

If she went in such a spirit, Miss Sitterly thought she must be convinced; if, going in such a spirit, she were not convinced, Evelyn would entertain a mistrust of her own senses, or perhaps a fear of her own sanity.

Blass believed that the young lady already faltered in her faith—that she had yielded in some degree to the moral force which had been brought to bear upon her agitated mind. To increase this doubt was now the prime object of the Machiavelian man, and he argued the question before her and with her in family council on that evening.

"Could you suspect such a child of such deceit?" she asked.

Blass had known many cases of extraordinary artfulness and ingenuity in even younger children.

"What could he expect to gain?"

"Money, at first, but as he obtained a better insight into your story, a home and friends. Children who are thrown on their own resources become very acute, their mental faculties are rapidly developed, and they quickly learn the power of simulated innocence and truth."

"But his name? Herbert is not a common name. What would be the chances of such a coincidence, both in name and resemblance?"

"The resemblance is far less than you imagine, and as to the name, most undoubtedly you had spoken it in your great excitement when you first addressed him, and had thus given him the clew."

The distressed girl could not say that she had not; she felt as if mighty blows were knocking away the underpinning of her gorgeous structure of hope and happiness, and she dared not listen longer to her wily antagonist.

"I cannot argue with you," she said, "and I will not. I know it is Herbert. I *know* it."

"A more probable view of the case," persisted Blass, "is that the lad has abettors and instigators, who have begun their plan of imposing this counterfeit upon your family, by first deceiving you. He may have thus been placed in your way to solicit charity, as the most direct mode of ensuring your looking closely at him."

"Ridiculous! Could any body know that I was to pass that way?"

"Certainly not; but he was but a few blocks distant from your house, and the experiment may have been repeated for weeks or months before it proved successful. When such stakes are played for as the heirship of this great estate, is it to be supposed that any pains, or patience, or ingenuity would be spared?"

Though many answers occurred to Evelyn's mind, she would not continue the discussion, for she felt that it was useless to argue with her present companions. She believed that the necessary proofs could be found to establish Herbert's identity to the satisfaction of any honest mind. But she saw that the great question was one of property, and how far her parents, while possessing and wielding that great power, would be able to defeat the unsupported rights of a helpless child, she did not know; she feared the worst.

The unnatural conduct of Mrs. Sitterly in denying her own child, was the one thing which most astonished and puzzled Evelyn.

In so abhorrent a light did such an act appear to the innocent girl, that she was forced at times to think that her step-mother's asserted disbelief was real and sincere.

She looked, therefore, hopefully to the morrow, when mother and child should be confronted; she believed that Nature would assert her rights, and that a full recognition and acknowledgment of the tender relationship must ensue.

With such a belief she retired to rest; for such a happy consummation her racked and wearied heart sent up its solemn petitions to the Throne of all Power and the Source of all Mercy.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Evelyn awoke the next morning her first thought after a quick, thrilling review of the preceding day's events, was of Mrs. Binney.

She felt guilty that she had allowed so much time to pass without apprising her of the wonderful and joyous event, which thenceforth she felt was to be a source of mutual, if not of equal felicity to herself and her humble friend.

Long before either of her parents thought of rising, Miss Sitterly, who was accustomed to breakfasting alone, had finished her morning meal, and was on her way to the little triangular thread-and-needle store, where the pale, patient widow was already quietly seated at her knitting, awaiting the calls of customers.

Whatever had been the origin of Aunt Ally's extraordinary attachment to little Herbert Harlow, there could be no doubt of its existence, nor of the great grief which his supposed death had occasioned her.

Evelyn could entertain no doubts on this subject; and she felt far more the necessity of a gradual disclosure of her joyful news to the poor widow, than she had in imparting the same intelligence to her mother.

She came prepared with medical appliances to strengthen and restore the over-excited system; and she had speedy cause for their use, for notwithstanding her utmost caution in revealing her momentous tidings, Aunt Ally, who, like Evelyn, had always entertained a hopeful skepticism on the subject of Herbert's death—quickly suspected the truth. Her eager, passionate adjurations to Evelyn to tell the whole truth, were met with silence, yet with a repressless look of exultation in the young lady's face which could not be misunderstood.

"He lives! Thank God. He lives!" said the poor woman, and for many minutes she could say nothing more.

With such assiduity and tenderness as the fondest of mothers receives at a devoted daughter's hands, did the affectionate girl bestow her gentle ministrations upon her humble companion. She supported her in her arms, she bathed her throbbing temples—she soothed her with loving words, while her own hot tears fell freely upon the tearless but livid cheeks of her friend.

"Yes—Aunt Ally—be calm—be calm. He does live; and you shall see him as soon as you have strength."

The shock of a great joy is not of long duration; it brings its own sunshine to warm and irradiate the heart, and to set the life springs in motion with a brisk and healthful play.

Mrs. Binney was soon in a condition to listen calmly to the details of her young friend's story, and ere she had brought it to a close, she begged that she might be allowed to go at once and see the boy.

To this Evelyn gladly assented, the more so because her testimony to her brother's identity was thus far unsupported, and she was anxious that it should receive the confirmation which she thought Aunt Ally would be sure to give. She knew it was yet far too early for Mrs. Sitterly's visit to Herbert, and they lost no time in setting out. Hurriedly and nervously the widow arrayed herself, and closed and locked her little store, and the two friends were very soon in Mrs. Gale's parlor, tremulously awaiting the entrance of the lady and child.

When they came, the recognition on the part of Aunt Ally was instantaneous and complete; but much to Evelyn's disappointment, it was not mutual.

Mrs. Binney had changed greatly; it was a long lapse of time for a child's memory to span; and this hoped link in the chain of proof was wanting.

"Are you my mother?" the child asked, with great earnestness.

Aunt Ally did not reply—she was greatly affected; but Miss Sitterly spoke for her:

"No, my dear, she is not your mother; she is your friend, who used to tell you stories, and give you cakes and apples."

"Over there in the park? Oh, yes, I remember. She told me about Jack, the Giant-killer."

"So I did, my boy; and about Little Red Riding Hood."

"Yes, yes."

The infantile mind had remembered the stories, although the narrator was forgotten.

"I know you used to be very good to me—you and Evvy, you and Evvy; I remember."

Alas, there was no similar reminiscence of her who had called him son, nor any inquiry about that stately mother.

"Do not you want to see your mother, Herbert?" asked Mrs. Gale. "She is coming this morning to see you." Evelyn had told her this.

"Is she like *him*?" he asked.

"Like whom?"

"That was here last evening."

"I do not know; something like, I guess."

"She won't like *me*, then."

"Perhaps she will; we shall see."

The interview was a long one; so many questions were to be asked and answered; and when it had terminated, and Mrs. Binney and her young friend departed, the former said, with much earnestness, and seemingly almost with a hope that the contingency to which she alluded might occur:

"If Mrs. Sitterly should continue to deny him, he will be without a home, and then—and then you will let him come and live with me; and we will be so happy!"

Evelyn said that she would like nothing better, and she was sure Herbert would be very glad to accept such an offer; but perhaps Mrs. Gale, who had been very kind to him, and seemed very fond of him, would want to keep him. She might think she had some claim.

"No, no—not like mine," said Aunt Ally, eagerly. "Pray, let us go back and speak to her about it, before she sets her heart on it."

Evelyn smiled, and said:

"No, Aunt Ally; I do not think the danger so great; I will certainly advocate your claims; but I cannot believe that mother can hold out against the sight of that child, though, to be sure, she never did seem to love him when she had him constantly at home."

Mrs. Sitterly declined her step-daughter's offer to accompany her to Mrs. Gale's. Her husband and Mr. Blass, she said, were to go

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with her; and it was hardly fair to overrun the lady with so much company.

At about eleven o'clock she ordered the carriage, and while it was getting ready, she distributed a servant to the house of Mrs. Gale, to announce her intended call, and the object of it, and to see at what hour it would be convenient for that lady to see herself and friends.

The domestic was back with the message, and she answered to the name of Madge, was a woman who had lived in the family at the time of Herbert's abduction, and was also one of the numerous servants attached to the homestead who had cast eyes upon Herbert. The exciting subject, which had so greatly agitated the heads of the family, and of course penetrated below the stairs, and the gratuities carelessly prattled in regard to it.

Madge yielded no noise in this feeling. She had an interest deeply in the affair, which was her own conclusions; but she knew too well the necessity of reflecting the views of her mistress on all important subjects, to be in any danger of promulgating opinions in conflict with that high authority.

Madge was an excellent servant, and she knew how to value a place which promised the combined attractions of high work, liberal wages, and frequent presents. She also had kept her place for half a dozen years was pretty good proof that she knew how to discharge all the current duties; and she was not godly to risk it here by any indiscretion or unnecessary sympathy.

Mrs. Sutterly knew, too, that she was to be relied upon, and she told her she might take a look at the pretended Herbert, and then, after giving her, however, very clearly to understand what opinion she was expected to form.

Madge delivered her message, and of course received for reply that her mistress would be quite welcome to come at any hour. She then asked if she might herself be allowed to see the child who had been so much talked of, and to this request, also, received a ready consent.

"You can come right up into the parlor," said the lady. "There's a good-sized room with him now—my nephew is there, and not much bother with him."

Both Lynde, who had heard from his aunt all she knew about the recovered boy, and the controversy which was going on in regard to him, of course took the liveliest interest in the subject. He had never seen Herbert, and had no conclusion, and he had not seen Evelyn since the great discovery had been made, and could not know at a second look, he had very few doubts that his uncle's little guest was really the lost Herbert, whether, although the fact was so sincerely desired by the rest of the family.

When he knew that an old servant of the Sutterly's was coming to see the boy, he was of course glad to witness the interview, and was very hopeful that it might result in a recognition.

Madge, who was a girl of forty, or thereabouts, rather dark and florid, possessed a strong mind and a state of some excitement, and when her eyes first rested upon the boy, she uttered an extraordinary Irish exclamation, which, as it expressed intelligence to her listeners. It might have expressed consternation, or delight, or disappointment; but whatever it was, she seemed to hold herself in check after uttering it.

"Sure now," she said, "and this is the boy they'll be after calling Herbert Hardigg, is it?"

"That's the boy," said Lynde.

"It's not like him of him that I remember at all, at all."

"Look closer," said Seth; "it's a long while since you have seen him; of course he has grown very much."

Madge advanced a few steps without removing her eyes from him the boy, but without lessening the greatest interest, and again some qualifications, which seemed involuntary, escaped her.

"What do you say now?" asked Seth, hopeful of a more favorable reply.

"It's the sickness will have come, when she comes, it's not for me to say at all."

"But you think——"

"I must say now; it's a hasty I'm in."

"But——"

"Good morning, sir."

"Stop a moment, my good woman, if you please. Don't you see he looks enough to tell you exactly what you think about this child?" said Seth, rudely.

"If I must tell your, this," said Madge, angrily, "it is not, sir, what I said above: it's not Herbert Hardigg at all, and ye'll not make me say it in with all your cunning and malice——"

"I want you to speak only the truth. But will you tell me if I see the boy remembers you?"

"He's a hurry I'm in," said Madge departed.

Seth at once questioned Herbert; but he did he could not say that he remembered her; he thought her name sounded familiar, but there had been so many Irish domestics in the family, and they had so many characteristics in common, that he was unable to distinguish between them.

The young lawyer was much disappointed. He well knew Miss Sutterly's surpassing love for her brother, and he trembled to think of his result if he should be compelled to open her eyes to the fact that she had deceived herself in regard to the being after. He could not avoid entertaining some fears, for it seemed to him almost impossible that a servant could remember so by day her ever offspring.

"But she not seen him yet," he said to Mrs. Gale. "I cannot think she will pretend."

"Nor I, either," said the lady. "But we shall soon know, for she may be here in a few minutes."

"Yes, and I must go."

"Why should you go? Stay and see them; you are acquainted with the family."

Only slightly. I certainly would not retreat, but I think that, under so serious an presence of one so nearly a stranger might just be regarded as intrusive."

Seth went, and the great folks soon after came in all due state with their carriage and footman in livery, and their sentinel yet docile horses prancing as if they partook of the pride with which they inhibited.

Of the meeting between mother and son it is scarcely necessary to say more than that all the hopes which Evelyn and her friends had founded upon it, were defeated. Mrs. Sutterly unhesitatingly proclaimed in her presence views, and in no assured and decided a manner, that Mrs. Gale was obviously convinced of her mistake, and consequently of the correctness of her decision, for how, she thought, could a mother be mistaken in such a case as this?

The conference was very short; but few questions were put by Mrs. Sutterly, and to one, or two, quite overawed by his visitors, and anxious to escape from them.

He certainly manifested no desire to establish the affinity; so long as Evelyn acknowledged him, he seemed indifferent to anything beyond; but for her he already manifested the greatest attachment. The broken links of that affection which had once so closely united them were already welded, and were perhaps destined to be stronger for their temporary severance.

Before the interview closed, Mrs. Gale, who did not, or would not, understand any hints which were given her to the contrary, persisted in asking a few questions on her own account.

Did he remember anything about his mother, and was she like the lady before him? she inquired.

"I remember my mother, a tall lady, who wore silks and furs, and had watch and chain, and rode in a carriage. I don't remember about her face."

"Better trained to-day," whispered Miss to the smiling Frederick.

"Then, what do you say to that, Mrs. Sutterly?"

"Nothing, madam, unless it be that here I am, with silks and furs, and a gold watch, and ride in a carriage, and I am not his mother. But his story in this respect may be true. *It may be* that he had a nurse-mother, or *any other* a *degree of others.* There are many such ladies as he describes, and if he be such a mother, I have no doubt she would rejoice to see him. *Most assuredly* I should."

Mrs. Sutterly bent slightly to the assured window as she ceased speaking, and walked towards the door, whither her husband and Simon Suggs, and after a few unmeaning bows, followed her, and in a few minutes the glittering equipage, which for a quarter of an hour had attracted the eyes of half the domestics in the block, and all the idlers in the neighborhood, drove rapidly away.

Evelyn, who anxiously awaited at home the result of this momentous meeting, was in despair when she heard it, and observed the decisive manner in which the stupendous movement in accordingly refusing to listen to any further discussion.

Her grief knew no bounds, but fortunately there were some visitors and others to engage her, which prevented the worst effects of her disappointment.

Since Herbert was denied admission to his mother's house, he was taken to the house of him elsewhere, and she knew that he would be brought by her in the afternoon.

The eager claims of Aunt Ally could not well be disputed, and hence above were offered, and Miss Sutterly, who evidently considered the claims for him than such a home of love, hastened to invite his siblings to Mrs. Bernard's to make the necessary arrangements for the change.

Evelyn, who sympathizing with the boy's sorrow, Aunt Ally could not repress her exultation in the impending event, and hastened to tell Herbert in her own kerpling, and she thanked Miss Sutterly for her kindness in such terms as if the poor disowned boy had been an object of the most magnificent and heart-loving friends.

Miss Sutterly, half ventured, with some hesitation, to inquire about the widow's home, which she was told was small, and Aunt Ally, with a little embarrassment, confessed that she lost but little in point of room in the narrow street, very far from her place of business. It was not, however, for Herbert, she said, but she was able now to procure board for herself at a distance of less than half a mile from Miss Sutterly's.

Such would make the change in a very few days, and Evelyn was glad to hear that she would be able to do so much for her friend, and that she had money to defray the cost which the widow so much needed. Evelyn, quite overjoyed at the plans, reserving her propositions for assistance to a future day.

"Let us go then," said Aunt Ally, taking down shawl and bonnet; "we have no leave to dilly directly here, and I shall clint up their carry this afternoon."

But Evelyn, with some reluctance, opposed this speedy action. It would be better, she said, if Herbert should not leave till he was well Mrs. Bisney had made her contemplated change of residence, as she still would be in confusion at her, besides being unnecessarily incommoded herself. Aunt Ally then came into their plan, but she could not help admitting the force of the objections.

"Let us at least go and tell Mrs. Gale about it then," she said, "so that she may know it is decided, and will not set her knee on keeping for us. I am afraid I shall lose him."

Evvy smiled, and they went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A different consultation, meanwhile, was held at the Sitterly residence, which was attended by the tokened that the great boy did not consider the question fully at an end by her positive decision.

Preparations as she alleged the whole story to be, she said, such an unmitigated trouble from it. As Evelyn's earnest advocacy of the claims of the pretended Herbert, for reasons of importance, she boldly charged that her stepdaughter did not believe the statement any more that she was in complicity with her lover, Mr. Lynde, to say this false story. She had no utterance to the match with Bisno, and her father's earnest presentiments in favor of the match and marriage, she said, had doubtless driven her in despair, to contrive with her lover the scheme into which offered relief. Others had proposed to her husband better, and consulted upon her—and in this unfortunate conjuncture of affairs she had accepted it.

Shocking as was this charge against a girl of Evelyn's purity and uprightness, involving, as it did, the utmost unfriendliness to Herbert, and it was so authoritatively made, and carried in its wicked conclusion such a plausible appearance of truth, that the obedient husband and the sycophantic Simon neither indignantly resented nor yet faintly denied it.

They gently, indeed, a qualified admission to the charge; allowing its plausibility, and suggesting that Evelyn's conduct might, in an oversense (a chiefly imaginary, Mr. Bless thought), had to be worked upon her highly excitable temperament as to unsight her reason.

"He shall not unnaturally lost its equipage," said Simon; "no one could have seen her but would strong witness to her sincerity." Mr. Sutterly told the whole story; there was a wildness in it that—had we not really—quite startling.

In truth there always had been something in Evelyn's character which was startling, when she was confronted by unusual and unexpected occasion. They could more than her voice, although even that was sufficiently efficient when, so Simon would say, her equipage was in question.

Bless counselled action. Whether they were right or slightly wrong in their theories, he thought there were certain steps which might be adopted, which would avert all trouble.

"What would you advise?" asked Mrs. Sitter by, quickly.

"Why—the boy should be—*ah—provided for* in some way. He is an orphan, without means, and it would be a great charity to him to find a home for him, where he would be taken good care of, and would be out of the way of designing people."

"Most certainly," replied the lady. "I should be willing to do something for him, in that way, quietly. It would be a charity as you say."

"The country, I should say, would be the place for him—far west—where he would be brought up frugally and industriously, and would not be exposed to the temptations of city life."

"Exactly."

"I think I know the very man to take him. The boy might be 'bound' to him, as he is going to become a farmer, and the Law provides for binding him. But, bound or not, it would make little difference if he was once in charge of *that man.* He would not see New York again before he reached some years of age; certainly not before that time."

"Excellent! But a gentleman five?" asked Mrs. Sitterly, with an appearance of lively interest in the matter. "Is he a man of character? we get the boy to him?"

"Perfectly—a country sort," answered Bless, smiling, and speaking slowly, "in about two hundred miles from here; but I could have him here in three days, and his name is——"

"What?" asked the lady, eagerly, as Simon hesitated.

"Bond."

Mrs. Sitterly turned pale, rose from her chair and walked across the room.

Mr. Bless observing her observing lawyer quickly added:

"The boy would be quite safe from harm—would, I may say, be—all—morally brought up, and it would be a charity to him. I am leaving over see New York, that if there are any proofs in the letter, they would be now long finded that."

"Your plan is excellent and judicious," said Mrs. Sitterly, calmly. "Don't you think so, Frederick?"

Frederick did.

"I will then telegraph to Mr. Brook immediately," said Simon; "and during the time that elapses before he arrives, a little watch may be kept upon the boy, that he may not be seen by business, as also to learn something about the doctor's plans, and that he may have no blow in charge design to make of him."

"He has none here," said Mrs. Sitterly.

"I think not," replied his wife quietly, "and I should prefer his departure."

"You are right," added Simon, magisterially, "that would save trouble. Let him go at the first time that the husband had ventured to give an opinion, and Evelyn would be apt to concur with his confessions, and as he was so unimportant a witness, he could be dispensed with, and contented himself with giving his accustomed assent to whatever his lord suggested.

A little further discussion settled all the details of the plan, and Simon departed to telegraph Brook.

Mrs. Sitterly remained, and a reply was received that he would be in New York in forty-eight hours.

He one.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE DWELLERS AT NO. 15.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

A young girl stood beside the window of her mother's boudoir. She was tall, and fair almost to transparency. Her face was pensive, and had a certain weariness of movement, that reminded you of a flower, that, in the heat of noon, hangs upon its long stem. She was very delicate and fragile, and her mother looked upon her with much fear. Now the wind of heaven and ever been allowed to visit her too roughly. She would could purchase of heavy had surrounded her from infancy, and she knew of poverty and its sufferings only from a distance as the sound of the sea is heard by those who dwell on the inland and habits of the poor offended her taste, and caused her to turn shrinkingly from them.

She knew nothing about work, or hunger, or insufficient clothing. She had been too petted, too much cared for that, and accident was the careful spoilers that was the natural result of such training, like shielding a flower from the least existence. And yet, though the day was bright and warm, a shiver of cold ran through her, and she felt even through the double sashes of the window the keen cutting blast of the cold February hour.

As long had she remained there, gazing far away into the street, that her mother's carriage had driven up to the door, and a footman in livery stood at the young girl from the reverie into which she had fallen, and recalled her to the present.

She knew nothing about work, or hunger, or insufficient clothing. She had been too petted, too much cared for that, and accident was the careful spoilers that was the natural result of such training, like shielding a flower from the least existence. And yet, though the day was bright and warm, a shiver of cold ran through her, and she felt even through the double sashes of the window the keen cutting blast of the cold February hour.

As long had she remained there, gazing far away into the street, that her mother's carriage had driven up to the door, and a footman in livery stood at the young girl from the reverie into which she had fallen, and recalled her to the present.

Her mother's carriage, a splendid affair, with a coat of arms upon the panels, and a footman in livery, and a coachman in livery, and a groom in livery, and a footman in livery, and a coachman in livery, and a groom in livery, and a footman in livery, and a coachman in livery, and a groom in livery

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INUMAN MAN.

BY A DISAPPOINTED OLD MAID.

There's not a veil that covers half the life,
Less nor more, in its jungle fen,
That has so hard and treelessness a heart
As beats within the breasts of wild men.

The rattlesnake, the rabies, nor the spy,
Nor night among the creeping, crawling brood
Can match the cruel calmness human fangs
In sending mortal poison through the blood.

The frightful shapes that haunt the tawny prey,
The voracious maladies of low appetite
Of Ganges' swarm, of sulphur Amazon,
The foul miasmas, the plague-polluted breeze;

The foul miasmas of the vale of Dagob,
The pallors of the Rift Wa-ra-roo* and Woo;
The storms, the earthquakes, famine, fire and flood,
Are more to mortals as one to two.

Wise, spotted leopards eat but double-deeds,
And hungry wolfhounds eat but thrice-their-food;
Wild, raging lions are but timid lovers,
And wolves and wildcats are but harmless lovers,

Compared to men, the accursed King of All,
Made over, and over, and makes him his God,
But who gives not and rips in sites which made:

For very accursed accursed are they which are not
Men brothers to—claim the whirlpool for thy kin—
Say Kinas was begotten by the sea—
Man just as peacefully will rock thee to,
Will nestle him with as fierce love and fee.

Whom was there heroes on the stormy sea,
Whom was there pirates that were not found
So faint as the passions, raging wild
Among the hearts of men, and blistering earth around?

Yet stay, what heart could make unconsciously
When like the grey within the stormiest wood—
Could grant, and must, and make, and write in Love—
Out: who shall note him from the Wrath to come

* A South American tree—poison-dealing.

EL TUERTO:

THE BANDIT OF THE CARIMA REAL

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

One of the stories told, many years ago, when I was in Mexico, of this one-eyed robber chief, (for *El Tuerto* means one-eyed,) is, that on one occasion, while he was journeying toward the capital, a daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Vera Cruz fell into his hands, for whom he demanded an exorbitant ransom. The money, amounting to many thousand dollars, was paid, and the young lady restored to her father uninjured. Not content, however, with this, he next plotted at what he justly considered an insult and extortion, and he caused the country to be scoured by patrols of regular troops, for the extermination of this robber, and with a very large sum for the head of *El Tuerto*. But while the search for him was progressing, another of young Inly was suddenly missing from her home, and there was little doubt but that she had been abducted by the robbers. Indeed, a few days after, the head of the unfortunate girl was received by her frantic parent, preserved in a jar of oil.

Another story is told to the effect that, after a desperate fight with a vastly superior force of the dragoons, in which the former were put to the victorious party, though after losing a number of his men, *El Tuerto* contented himself with the dispatch of the officers, and dismissed the soldiers bodied from his presence, at the same time giving them a letter to their commanding general, certifying to their brave and soldierly conduct during the engagement. But of the truth of these and other stories, I, of course, know nothing. But having nothing else to occupy my mind, and the vessel (who had rubbed me but a short time before) having been taking, I determined to obtain, if possible, an admission to the prison. The permit was readily given, and having included in the list of my worthy landlord in the official document, we started forth together.

Within the corridor of a second story of the prison we found a better sort of criminals, or rather those who were able to pay for the privilege of boarding apart from the vile rabble of the penitentiary court-yard below.

In the farther side of this corridor, was a group of prisoners, whom, one and all, such more respectable appearances than any we had before seen, and their tidy and well-arranged clothes showed that they had not long been occupants of the place. Even here I was struck more by the prisoners we had come to visit, and turning to the soldier who accompanied us, I asked him to point out the robber chief.

The man was not slow to do so, when a tall, handsome, and soldier-like figure, who had been sitting apart from the others, rose to his feet, and advanced towards us, courteously saluted me, and introduced himself as the person I had inquired for. I immediately recognized in this man, the bandit captain I had before encountered near *El Rancho Quemado*—for there was no mistake about his patch on the left eye, and the same peculiarly evident thin mark of a scar which had requested the favor of my purse. The recognition was mutual, and in my surprise at Tuerto addressed me by name.

"Ah! Don Don Thomas," said he, as he gave me his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, "I am under unusual obligations to circumstances from our former interview, when you so kindly favored me with a generous contribution!"

"Yes?" I replied, "and indeed, my friend, I am sorry to see you here. It must certainly be extremely irksome, to you and your people, to be confined within the sun-tight walls of a prison, among these wretches," and I pointed to the dirty occupants below.

"Why yes, Señor, it's not very pleasant, but we're all used to it here. Now, and where's no longer virtue in gold, we'll be soon upon the road again," replied the robber. "Where are you return to the coast, Señor?" he inquired indifferently.

"By the next convoy," I answered carelessly.

"I regret that, my amigo," he replied, "for in that case, I fear I shall miss the opportunity of enjoying your society. But if you will defer your return till the next week, I'll promise to meet you when I am released, and we will exchange compliments."

"Many thanks," I replied, laughing heartily at the *sang froid* with which he uttered his remark; "but indeed, I'd rather be excused."

"Well, well, Señor," he said, joining in my merriment. "But mark my word, Señor, if by any accident you are detained till the departure of the Wednesday's convoy, I will surely meet you near the *Puente*."

I could not help being greatly amused at the fellow's impudence; and finding him inclined to be communicative, I questioned him in relation to some of the stories I had heard of him; and when I referred to the merchant's daughter, he denied it positively, saying he never molested a lady in his life. He acknowledged the affair with the dragoons, and whispered:

"Some of those same persons, fortunately, are now among the prison guards—they are my friends! You may be surprised, Señor, at my confiding my plans to you; but I know you are humane, and have not yet forgotten the assistance of my confidence. Besides, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you carry one letter from the prison, place this package and this note into the hands of the Commandante, unseen by the other officials?"

As he said this, El Tuerto drew a small roll of heavy coin from his bosom and handed it to me, accompanied by a small bit of paper. The latter was in the same cautious manner it was passed to me, I placed it safely in my pocket-book, and with a sign promised to do as desired.

I now inquired how it happened, that so brave and daring a fellow as he was, could be induced to allow him to be, should ever have been taken prisoner.

"Treachery—nothing else!" Señor, responded he, and not courage or superior force. The fact is, I had some of my men, who had become tired out of the life we led, and determined to abandon it. With this view I corresponded with the authorities, who pledged themselves that a free pardon should be granted to myself and all the members of my band, provided we would surrender to them, and agree not to go under the command of Colonel Bravo. Rest no sooner did we find ourselves within the walls of this prison, than we learned that the proclaimed attorney was of a vile stock of the Spanish government, and we were doomed to the gallows." And saying this, the bandit captain quietly took with rage, while his one, keen black eye, seemed to emit flashes of fire. But after a moment's reflection, he continued his story as follows:

"But *por Dios!* they shall be disappointed! I have good reason to buy those knaves off. I shall bear of no again Señor, but not as a prisoner—no, no! Caramba! I'll live to revenge this treachery and insult, and so shall these brave fellows who are with me. Shall I not accompass the prison poles?"

I now left El Tuerto, and rejoining Don Serpet, retired from the corridor and passed out of the prison. I, that night, left the city, and at a moment occupied by the Commodante, I slipped a piece of gold into the hands of the servant at the door, and, entering the room unquestioned, placed upon the officer's table the robber's letter and package; and calling his attention to them without speaking, passed out through the crowd of gossiping dragoons into the plaza.

Saturday, the day for the departure of the diligence, at length arrived. But although I had engaged my seat and paid the passage money, the conductor of the vehicle, much to my chagrin, rolled out of the *plaza Mayor* without me. I was in a most unenviable predicament, and my anger which, according to previous arrangement, was to have been vented on the head of Don Serpet, as it was unsafe to carry so much specie by the public conveyances, was, in the absence of the picture of the Wednesday coach; when, exclaimed my landlord, "Señor, you have not gone!" and I received the parting embraces of my worthy landlord with more fervency than I thought I felt.

The coach was full, as I could perceive by the lantern suspended from the roof, as I got into it; and we passed the outskirts of the city, thus the unfortunate individual, who was crammed in the sack condition of the road, now that El Tuerto was an honour of the Accordado, and the diligence were secure from molestation by the members of his band.

This led to various anecdotes of the famous robber, to which I listened in silence; and I was congratulating myself on the prospect of the respect of reaching my destination without encountering any of his band.

As we rolled rapidly over the road, we frequently met parties of soldiers, who had been erected the village of Puente Nacional without accident. Many of these were composed of the people of the inn that the roads had been cleared of the robbers.

In high spirits, we dashed out of the village, and were soon again upon the road, when several guards stations, when, on reaching a valley which was shaded on both sides by thick dense chaparral, the vehicle came to a sudden dead still, which aroused us all from sleep. Scarcely had we time to open our eyes, when the coach doors were opened, and we found ourselves surrounded by a number of armed men. There was an involuntary clutching for pistols and swords, but the fellows had evidently been gathered about us, we all seemed to come and they to our assistance, and resistance would prove the better part of valor.

We were ordered to descend, and so dismount, when we were surrounded by a party of the robbers—for really everything was in confusion—and, commanding us to the care of all the bandit, the guards of our conduct to the rear, they marched his whip, and once more we dashed away towards the place of our late delay, leaving God that we had escaped so cheap as we had.

The robbers, as I have mentioned, had thrown up in front of a solitary station to change mules. Every thing had mortified and as we was nearly all I possessed in the world—I repaired to a public inn my fellow travelers, for a glass of country brandy. While they were absent from the coaches, a person who seemed to be one of the servants of the establishment came to the coach window, and handed me a scrap of paper, and opened it and read:

"Don Thomas—but I see, when we met in the Accordado, you were not El Tuerto—you would not meet again. Follow the man who gives you this, and you will be rewarded. I am a friend to Señor, and so you need not be long in doubt.

"EL TUERTO."

I looked around me, and observed, and entering a back room of the station-house, encountered my old acquaintance of Puente Nacion, at and the city above. He was, if possible, more polite than ever, and after thanking me for the favor I had done him, and for the protection of our meeting, which, he said, had led to his escape—and which, I afterwards learned, was from a corner of the room my pot unopened valise, and pocket-book, he handed, with many pardons for the uneasiness the loss of it might have caused me.

Returning my thanks for this unexpected courtesy, I desired to know how he and his fellowers had escaped from the Accordado.

"Gold, mi amigo, was the key that opened the gates, and rescued our horses. Last night at midnight, during the confusion of changing the guards, we walked out, and taking to our mules, were in time to keep good pace my word to you, and make a handsome bend besides from your fellow travellers."

At this moment the impatient shout of the driver called to the passengers to enter the diligence, and soon we were once more rolling away as a rapid pace towards Vera Cruz, where we all safely arrived without further adventure.

ASKING

BY TAMAR ANNE KEIMBUD.

I do not crave earthly good,
Ah! no,
Daily, yearly I turn to thee,
Lord—will thou guide my life? Life's resilen ans?
I have its value fixed—
I know its waves are leading on my barque,
And all its storms and terrible is the deck;
I know not where I go.
Dispensers—one who are whirling in my sea,
My heart is red with troubles, fields and fears;
Fairly, and never ending I seek; compassion, love,
And Hope fingels to sing for glorious hymn.
Whose voice is like the sweet sea-shell,
Which would from me my every moment of the day,
Look down and calm the surging waters' spray.
Baltimore, March 20th, 1871.

IN THE WAY OF TEMPTATION.

BY S. S. ARTHUR.

Martin Green was a young man of good habits, and a good reputation among his friends. He had, however, an ugly, with as much patience as he could assume, a virtuous disgust and suggesting something the dangers that beset the feet of those who walk in the broad road of sensuality and sensuous pleasure to the legion of temptations. All these warnings and suggestions he considered as so many old-fashioned notions, which he had outgrown.

"I'm in no danger," he would sometimes answer to these friendly words of warning. "I'm constitutionally opposed to all excesses, and consequently have no temptations."

"If I wish to play a game of billiards, I will go to a billiard saloon. That was the firm position he assumed. "Is there any harm in billiards? I can't see it. I like the game, and if billiards and congregate in billiard-saloons. Bad men may be found everywhere and everything, and I can't shut in stores, at all public places—even in church, indeed, I may meet with bad company and hear evil there?"

This last argument Martin Green considered unanswerable. Then he would say

"If I want a glass of wine, I'll go to a restaurant; and I'll take a glass of ale with my oysters. If I'm inclined to smoke, I'll buy a cigar. Where's the harm in that? I can't understand why people should make such a fuss about temperance. Don't I know how to use things without abusing them? Don't I know when I've had enough? Isn't my self-control sufficient to restrain me?"

Martin Green was a clerk in a large dry-goods house, and from three to four hundred dollars a year. He was a steady, reliable young man, and his employers had a high opinion of his character and his business capacities. He had, moreover, a way of making himself exceedingly agreeable to customers, and the not very prepossessing Martin Green, whose appearance had at first created a prejudice, in less hence than he, in his self-control, imagined.

One evening, about the middle of June, as he was in the house of a friend, where a select company of highly intelligent ladies and gentlemen were present, and after evening tea had been served, he excused himself under the pretence of an engagement, and leaving him to an animated and thrilling debate, there to spend an hour in social converse with the friends who had invited him, he went immediately to a billiard saloon, which he had noticed a few days before, and entered. Here and overman were hid aside, and they drew around a table that stood in the centre of the room under the gas-light. A few passages were read from Shakespeare, then drink was ordered by one of the party. The reading, interspersed with critical comments, began again, and for an hour and a half soon gave way entirely to the comments which, in a fluid while, passed from the text of Shakespeare to actors, actresses, prima donnas, and ballet-dancers; the relative merits of which were thoroughly discussed for some time. In the middle of this discussion, oysters in two or three styles, and a smoking dish of terrapin, ordered by a member of the company—which our young friend Green did not object to—were served, followed by a liberal supply of wine and beauty. Hand expressed surprise, but accepted the entertainment so quite agreeable to himself.

When the last supper, cigars were introduced, and after the cigars, cards. A few games were played for the smiling stakes. Green, under the influence of more liquor than his head could bear, and in the midst of companions whose spheres he could not, in consequence, resist, yielded to a new direction for him. Of gambling, he had always entertained a virtuous disapproval, and was aware of the direction in which he was drifting. But the fumes of wine, and the excitement was greatly increasing, until from stilling the venture a sum was loaned to dollars. Sometimes he won, and sometimes he lost; the winnings stimulating to more reckless play, and the large drafts upon the losses stimulating to new trials in order to recover. It was past 2 o'clock when Martin left all them little oddies of excess, bore him down-stairs, and, leaving behind him about forty dollars to five, and from five to ten, his pleasant friend, Hand, replying whatever he wanted in the most disinterested way, until an aggregate loss of twenty-five hundred dollars was announced and appalled him.

The money of Martin Green was only four hundred dollars, every cent of which was expended in the game. A loss of twenty-five hundred dollars was, therefore, a serious and embarrassing matter.

"I'll call and see you to-morrow, when we can arrange this little matter, said Mr. Blund, as he parted with Green, at his own door. He spoke pleasantly, but with something in his voice that made the young man afraid of his visitor.

On the next day, while Green stood at his desk, trying to fix his mind upon his work, and not able to correctly, his employer said:

"Mr. Green, I wish to speak to you in the store who has asked for you."

Green turned and saw the hot man on the earth he desired to meet. His pleasant friend Blund, with his courteous, yet now serious smile, was standing at the counter.

"Yes, you are too soon," was soberly answered.

The smile faded off of Blund's face.

"Have you arranged it?"

"In a few days."

"But I want the money to-day. It was a simple loan to you."

"I am aware of that, but the amount is larger than I can manage at once," said Green.

"Can I have a part to-day?"

"No, sir."

"To-morrow, then?"

"I will see the boss in my power."

"Very well. To-morrow, at this time, I will call. Mr. Green, I must have the money, and I want it badly."

"I do not know that young man?" asked Mr. Phillips, the employer of Green, as the latter left the store with a look. The face of Mr. Phillips was unusually serious.

"His name is Blund."

"Why has he called to see you?" The eyes of Mr. Phillips were fixed, intently, on his clerk. The latter changed color. It was not him a few times in company."

"Is he a gentleman?"

"I never heard a word against him," said Green.

"Why, Martin," replied Mr. Phillips, "he has the appearance and bearing one of the most dangerous men in our city, a base gambler's stool pigeon, and worse."

"I'm glad to know it, sir." Martin had the appearance of a man who had received a blow that overwhelmed him, to say, "and shall trust him no more hereafter. He went back to his desk and worked.

It is the easiest thing in the world to tell a man, but always difficult to return. Martin Green was astray, but how was he to get into the right path again? It was, at first, almost impossible was now lying across the way over which he had passed, a little while before, with lightest footsteps. Alone and unaided, he could never get back. The first step that here was a man from virtue, never counsel origin when he began the return. They magnify the perils, and beset the road by which alone is safety, and the voices of spirits were now at the ear of the unhappy young friend, suggesting methods of escape from his embarrassment.

If Blund were indeed such a character as Mr. Phillips had represented him, it would be vain, he knew, to ask for an adjustment, to have him again and again for his debt. But how was he to obtain this debt? There was nothing to rely him on account of salary, and there was not a single responsible friend to whom he could go with any hope of borrowing.

"Man's extremity is the devil's opportunity." It was so in the present case. Green had a number of acquaintances who were not much better than he, and who had associated his bidding back into the paths of vice. Among these was a young man named Hall, who had been a fellow-clerk with Green, but who had left the employment of Mr. Phillips, and was now in business for himself. Hall was a reckless, dashing young man, and had become a confirmed gambler. He had a large circle of acquaintances, and was doing a business that was not to be despised. Green had not seen him for some months, but he was the first person to whom he thought of applying for relief.

"Hall, I'm in a fix," he said, as he met him on the street, "and I don't know what to do. Can you help me?"

"How much do you want?" was the prompt reply.

"Five hundred dollars."

"Is that all?" said Hall, with a laugh. "Why, I'll lend you that in a minute. Come with me."

Green followed Hall into a neighboring saloon, and the latter, calling for a private room, wrote a check for the amount, and handed it to Green.

"Now, Martin," said he, "you're in a fix, and I'm the one to help you out. Don't be afraid to use me. I'm always ready to help a friend. Come, let's have a glass of wine."

Green declined, but Hall insisted, and he yielded. Then came a second and a third, and Green was soon in a state of excitement. Hall proposed a game of billiards, and Green consented. Then followed a game of cards

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NOT AFRAID SHALL THE CLOUDS OBSCURE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When Spring, with magic, lavish hand,
Her pathway strews with flowers,
And scatters sweet and rich perfume
Through Nature's fairy bowers;
And she! we know her well
That though they mostly bloom,
Yet Autumn's shifting hours shall fill
Upon their early doom!
But even then the life of hope
Shines through our clouds of pain,
We know those flowers once more shall bud
That Spring shall come again.

So, when within these hearts of ours
The fairy flowers of love
When pleasure pall, and those we love
In coldness turn away;
Oh, then, amid our anguish deep,
We remember forever,
And live in hopes all will be bright
Upon the coming morrow!
For Love will bloom in our first faith,
Cemented yes, not pure;
But always shall the sun be hid,
Nor clouds always obscure.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Dame Bedlock stood at the door of her cottage, watching the pale dawn as it peeped and shove the heavens, standing up with a drenched face, for the boisterous night had swept, in a timid child watches the departure of the cruel stepmother who has taken her place.

The dame had not closed her eyes that night; her work were all at sea; and when she and the good man had suffered through those stormy hours man knows only since their prayers were heard.

As she stood straining her eyesight for either husband was already away to the beach—she was aware of some one slowly and wearily up the craggy pathway from below, becoming more visible as the light in the increasing light.

All her attention was now fixed upon this object, as she first made it out to be a woman—then she was burdened, her head bent, her face lying behind her with the haste she made, for she held full office at the dwelling.

The figure stumbled, fell more than once, then climbed upon hands and knees; then, with renewed up, spied the dame, who had gone nearer in her wonder; there was a cry—a groan, and the scene were thrown upward.

"Grodame mercy!" cried the old woman—"is it you?—it, it is—it is—my Nelly, my lady dear girl!" and with a step forward she caught her in her arms the unhappy creature, panting, white as death, and as cold.

She uttered no sound, but grasped the dame with hands that were bleeding from the cruel rocks, and hurried her into the cottage.

Seeing all over, holding by the table to steady her limbs, with clenched hands and chattering teeth, she stood before the horrified dame.

She opened her lips, but the power of speech was evidently gone, as she put into the old woman's hand a scrap of paper, then stood with the fixed eyes glaring at her as she read by the light of the lamp—

"Nelly, you will never see me again in this world! I know all your deed and wickedness. I will trouble you no more. When you get this I shall be gone for ever!"

The good soul dropped the paper, as she clasped her hands, and she stood there, with her eyes,

"Tell me, dear Nelly—come, come to me, dear!" and she turned to the wretched creature who stood as if turned to stone beside her.

But the other never moved, never shed a tear; her eyes were now locked firmly together, her hands clenched, her eyes fixed.

"Speak to me, my dear!" cried the kindly old body; "don't take on so, dearie dear—don't, come back—he will, my pet! don't, my own child, don't!"

At the words, "He'll come back," the unhappy girl slowly shook her head, then suddenly uttered a cry so piercing, the house rang with the sounds. She shook off the old dame, who would have held her back, and, with another shriek, darted out of the cottage.

"She is out of her mind! Oh! Lord, have mercy upon her—she will be killed!" cried the old woman, as she ran out, but Nelly had already disappeared.

But the cries had been heard already from the cottages up and down; the rocks and on the beach scared forms appeared; happily for the distressed creature, she was intercepted, and brought back, with bleeding feet and general torn, to the poor dame, who met them on the way, and had her carried into her own cottage.

Strong convictions seized upon her; and while one ran for the doctor, a long bad man away, the rest helped the dame, or, for the most part, stood terrified in dumb amazement. "What is it?" "What ails her?" "Where be Frankton?" "Who's been to see her place?" "How came she here?"

These were but a few of the questions put, and which none could answer.

The dame had throughout put away the scrap of writing; but, alas! Nelly's remorseful ravings soon made concealment impossible.

"I have been wicked!"—"I killed him!"—"Oh, I come back, Aaron—husband, dear, come back, and I'll never, never say such things again! I come back—I come back—I'll never, never, never—everything, if you'll forgive your poor Nelly!"

Such was the substance of her exclamations, varied by wild cries, and fearful struggles, which they with difficulty restrained.

"I must go," she cried: "let me go, and bring him back—he will not say no more; he will come for me. Oh! you cruel, cruel man—you will be back now. Leave me, or I say I!"

"Poor lamb! poor dear soul!" cried the good dame, while the tears fell fast over her trickled cheeks; "see, sir, her dear pretty fun all out with the storm—ah! if he could but see this now, he'd give his heart's blood to heal them, to be worth, for he loved her, sir, if ever a man loved a woman."

Alas! they were already speaking of the absent husband in the past tense.

"Where is this paper you speak of?" asked the surgeon, when he had administered an opiate, and framed the wounds of the miserable girl.

"It is her husband's writing? Do any of you know it?"

A crowd of heads bent over the paper the doctor held. But there were competent to judge: two of the men had been at school with Frankton, and decided at a glance that it was his writing. The third, a woman whose letters Nelly used to write in her husband at sea, and which Aaron usually directed, could swear to it.

The men of malicious moved towards the dame. "Are you acquainted with Frankton's handwriting?" he asked.

The dame took from a shelf a large Bible that used, and opened it. On the blank page was written—" Jessica E. Bedlock, from her loving godson, Aaron Frankton."

"That was his, sir," she said, in a choked voice.

The surgeon held the paper beside the writing in the book. Again the interested crowd nodded, and a sorrowful murmur went through the little crowd.

The gentleman shook his head, and returning the paper to the dame, he took up a pen, and began to in the bedside of his patient.

Even in that forced hour she was starting, convulsive throes agitating her every limb. The dame prayed the doctor not to quit the cottage.

"I fear she'll not get over it, sir; you see at this time."

The good man made a motion of assent, but, too, had his fears.

A slight bustle outside announced the safe return of the six young fishermen with their father.

But the joyful shout that would have greeted their providential escape from the perils of the storm was hushed. The universal interest was centred on a more painful and mysterious subject. But as soon as they heard all, ere they had tasted a mouthful of food after the night, the young men were off again, accompanied by others, to the cottage of the Frankton—to the beach—to the cliffs. The hollows, the bay, the haunted Glen and Dreggrag were searched; high and low, far and near, the hardy young fishers climbed, scaled rocks, and penetrated caves, chinks, and hollows—in vain. The day passed, the Glen rose and fell—watched with a solemnly eagerness by the anxious searchers. They awoke the echoes, but no voice made answer; they sat in a watch through the night, but morning dawned and nothing had been seen.

Dame Bedlock continued to watch over the minds of all: Frankton's boat was gone—the skiff had vanished—provisions were missing, but little stone had he had built for their shelter; and the boy was not to be found.

"He went of just in a passion like, maybe," said the elder of the fishers, "and maybe he's kept up the search longest—as they slowly returned homewards.

"Aye, and that awful night needed all a man's coolness and judgment," added the surgeon. Neither spoke of that which was the inevitable conclusion; they only looked at each other at the door of the cottage, and heard the plaintive voice within, for Nelly was still, while her reluctance had abated, the borrowed sorrow more roused.

"How is she, mother?"

"Oh, lads, it breaks my heart to hear her, poor child, and to see her! It makes one's pulse to be merried, and keeps talking about her husband and child, and I'm afraid it will be all we to come to fetch her in the morning."

"Ah! dear, dear, that such a pretty maiden come to pass! There'll have to go sleep again in the cottage, for it's no use trying to get her once to have her scene at all, and maybe her mind, in long fits of wandering, will settle down."

"Aye, aye, mother, that's all right, don't be troubling yourself."

They all died who should show her most kindness, and would still hold to the belief that Aaron would yet return; but as the end of two days, ere yet Nelly had spoken a rational thought, when the doctor, who had come with the tidings that Frankton's boat was below the point, among the Devil's rocks (a low reef of broken, dangerous rocks, so called.) It was then seemingly evident it is off at last; for her own hopes both was above in its side; it must have been dashed to pieces, for not a trace was to be found, no rag, even the thinnest, of hope or possibility, and the fishers had returned with the news and picked up among the sedges on the point.

The dame had now took charge of and imposed the most solemn promises on those who found them, that they should in no way break the fact to Nelly, but the unconscious wife knew of their discovery.

The time was at hand when life would encounter in the new trial, or the inability to be stored by the new impetus given.

* * *

On a bleak, ungenial morning in May, Nelly Frankton became a mother—still unconscious of her loss, still unaware of the terrible, overwhelming sorrow into which reason had fallen; though the fact that she uttered gave more token of her misery.

The same tender heads seized on her as had done in the first days of her grief, and watched her and the dame, with a gaunty or two, without ever leaving the cottage or the bedside.

"Good—" The medical man checked himself in time, and turned to the bewildered child to the dame, who, in her turn, gave but one look at the young mother, and turned her face upwards with a gesture of horror and dismay.

The surgeon supposed; one heard nothing about the poor mother, the others had turned to the child.

"Mercifu'—"

"Heaven save us!"

"Hush!" warned the dame, in an authoritative whisper, bidding the bed and its occupant by.

The gossips drew near, had, with vehement gesticulations, gave vent to their terrified wonder, suppressed for their checked utterances.

The dame, with calmness and sincerity exclaimed the child. "Poor lamb! poor innocent!" said the surgeon, who had witnessed the conference with the surgeon.

The dame spoke from the best rational as any in the room.

"Is it a boy or girl?"

A faint cry seemed to answer the mother's question.

"Bring me my baby."

The child was introduced, as she looked at the medical man.

He signed that she should comply.

CHAPTER VI.

MYSTERY AND SORROWS.

Nelly was saved to life, and from worse than death; those known Nelly seemed to lift from her heart the icy numbness of despair which had frozen it, and, though she now wept and bemoaned his loss—whom she felt sure was lost—there was a life and warmth in each a moment—it was less terrible to behold; no more those fearful words of self-accusation, which had fill now wept her in oblivion of all her tender consolation.

At first she took little notice to the new little claimant on her love; she seemed rather to look upon her unknown child with some hesitation her to prolong the life which could no longer have any claim for her; but by degrees this estrangement, with a sensible appreciation—humble as it was—of the duties of life, and the claims of love and by-and-by she grew more calm, and turned, as for consolation, to all that was left to her by him; as dearer than any hoarded memorial of her—for was it not himself, in some sort, come again?—and a shade of regret passed over her face as she learned her child was a girl; but it soon a boy she might more fully even have realized her fond fancy. In a while her tender fits of weeping had given way to quieter grief, and as they stood aloof, those about her would anxiously watch, while she half raised herself or bend over the sleeping infant—evidently seeking, feature by feature, to trace some resemblance to the beloved husband she had lost; and when some infant trick or mimic turn in all small wears face struck upon her memory, she would smile, and then weep, then turn again to her babe; and, gently recalling it with her fingers, peer yet closer, as if to guard the precious legacy of his love. So she would fall asleep, most frequently a wondering tear glittering upon the unconscious little cheek beside her, as if the babe, too, wept in slumber for the unconscious fate of the father whom burst it could not make known.

In her yet uncertain state, they carefully kept from her the knowledge of the search which line entailed upon the hapless innocent: it was not difficult, for the child was quiet to a miracle —sleeping for hours at a time, and when it awoke, would lie with its eyes with open, fixed on the mother's face, as though it knew that some one come to take it up.

Many were the conversations, attended by due head-shaking and consuming of snuff, held over the regular performance of the child, by the doctor who had attended the mother and a brother-in-law, whose greater experience and allowed skill yet failed to devise any remedy. The dame's numerous gossips had now taken their town come and saw, but did not conquer. Many of the fishers' wives, with the generous and unselfish providence acquainted; but none of which were known to the fond and bereaved child upon the mystery of this case. The medical men they finally agreed, was the only person who might be expected to throw light on the matter, the explanation with a degree of formalism anxiety which was, at least, creditable from its sincerity.

But Dame Bullocks studiously kept the poor young mother from the shock she knew the news would be to her, and the fact that the baby's health had prevented her feeling the lethal leaving the house for any length of time, kept hood of her small companion, save as we have seen, from the knowledge of the search made for the many waggings of the delicate form, that were daily made by the gossips, and the information scanned at all likely to be quenched.

But the time arrived when this could be kept from poor young wife. Like the dove to the wanderers on the wave of waters, came this small messenger of hope to the sickened hearts of the olive branch, which bade hope revisit the desponding breast of the unhappy mother.

They had propped her in the bed with pillows to support her weakness, and had drawn her chair back from the windows, that she might feel the refreshing air, while the sunbeams, through the making everything bright and glad without, fell upon her face.

"Give me my baby. Please take off that cap, nurse, and let me see it."

The dame hesitated but for a moment. She knew that the time was come when concealment was impossible; she was only glad they were alone.

With more of admiration in her pale face than she had yet shown, Nelly gazed upon the features her child in her arms, and laid it tenderly before her face with a corner of the covering unremoved.

"Nelly, dear——" she began; but the young mother had seen all, and with a cry of joy she did so, uttered a cry.

"Oh, my child, my darling! what have you come to it?"

Nelly, too, early grow out of it; then! those, my child, doesn't thee vex; the doctor says so."

The mother heard her not. Clasping the child to her bosom with a cry of joy, such as the other, she swayed to and fro above her infant, with the tears streaming down.

"I know, I know!" she said, in broken sentences, "that you have come to me, my child, to do for you—all! what shall I do?"

Dame Bullock left her to weep with her child to none. Assisted by the dame, and with many intervals of rest, she undressed it, and, laid down on her bosom, she watched every look and never it, ere she would be persuaded to lie down herself. Then, with her arm over her child, and it through the night; and when perhaps a little before the dawn, she would gently disengage herself, unbind a little and awoke, she was on the alert, and the mother and child were laid down in the deeper done before since that day.

How did it come to pass? Aaron, or say this or that is natural or contrary to it? The very poor breadwinner, who had not tasted food and sufficiently had concealed, lest, suddenly behold, he might even now be alive, and, hearing that he rescue, or be enabled to action, to reconcile her to life, and to the fact that a new source of affliction would alienate from the regard of her child.

Surely, a mother's love is not to be estimated by any of the laws which regulate other passions or feelings of human nature!

"But you will let me have her while you get your breakfast, my dear?" said the dame, one of the fishers, on the following morning, Nelly offered to be ready to go with her object of the good old woman had been to kidnap the little darling.

"Or no! surely you'll let me have her, Nelly, dear?"

It was Meg Scranton, Nelly's former bridesmaid, and her best friend, who had come of terrified news of the publishing of her name, and whose fondness for the child was unbounded and unwieldy.

No! Nelly, with all her old wilfulness, refused to part with her child, notwithstanding that she was thin bit of toast, and drank her tea, but not till she had satisfied the claims of her little daughter, who fretfully's was hungry, and who, as soon as she grew some time alone.

After breakfast Nelly announced her intention of getting up, as decidedly as though she intended to go out for the remainder of the day, but unfelicitously raised.

"Dear Jessie, see for the world!" cried the dame.

"I must! I am quite strong!" was the firm reply.

"Nelly, dear, better wait a bit," suggested Meg.

"I wouldn't for the world help you to such a thing," added the dame.

"But I must, I must!" like the clown in a Greek tragedy, climed in the matrons who had wished to keep her from the fatal spot.

But Mrs. Frankton was obstinate. "I love child you all long enough," she said, "I am strong, and I will go with my own dear child." She stopped a moment—" And there's my child to see to."

"At least, wait till the doctor comes; he will be to-day—he said so—and hear what he says," urged Meg. So for the terrible yielded; and she would wait for the doctor for a little while.

The doctor came, and heard without astonishment of his patient's resolve. Perhaps he had been prepared by the struggle of the day. He offered no objection to Nelly's resolve, rightly judging opposition would serve more harm than compliance, and that occupation was the only balm which could just now avail her wounded spirit.

Finding that she was aware of her child's carelessness, he spoke of it tenderly; but to all his dropped hints or queries, Nelly Frankton only shook her head or hoarsely answered him. He suggested the possibility of a future remedy, but at the word "operation," the young mother clasped the child tightly to her breast, and cried, "Don't, sir, please, don't let me; I couldn't leave her hurt, my poor innocent dear! It is the cure of her and work for her; she shan't feel it, but I can't have her hurt."

When the surgeon had departed she strove. Meg helping her to dress. How diff-rent from that last attire at which she had last assisted!

Perhaps Meg thought of it, for more than once her eyes were shut, and there was a choking in her voice, as she chirruped to the baby that lay in her lap, then grew suddenly gravely taking note of the various items in the mother's attire.

Very fair and weak the invalid found herself when upon her feet, more so than she would confess, as she tottered to the arm-chair that kelts-down kindly hands had helped to arrange for her repose.

But she would herself dress her child, and she did, with many little officious offices from the gossips, who were on thorns the while, quite unconscious that they should receive any enlightenment on the point which so interested them.

But Nelly sold nought upon the subject; though her new and again love more deeply established the slight limbs of her crippled child.

"Poor lamb! it is a sad affliction," murmured one.

"She will likely grow out on it. Nelly Frankton, don't take on, dear child."

"If I was pale her, I'm thinking, and that's a merry thing way."

One, so venturesome as to touch the deformed limb. Nelly shrieked, but the words, "Poor duck!" gently removing her hand. The words were not those uttered, but the woman was somehow, and did not repeat the offence, nor did any other. Nelly was grateful to them for the tenderness upon what they felt was in some way a delicate subject.

"Did she tell you most about it?" asked they of the dame.

She had heard Nelly's first exclamation, and wondered, but she knew how unguarded women are to herself, and the gossips profited nothing.

"Poor dear! she's not said much, only she said one: "as my gay and upon a loss as Nelly Frankton was in these parts."

"Aye, woman, but she was always that wilful, look ye, there were no gainsayin' of her; and that's likely Bullocks be making light of the shot o' her."

"I should there's more to be told than we've heard yet," put in another, she whom Nelly had been with when she left her husband's cottage, a merry life, and that she carried on once'on was the subject of gossip.

"Aye, poor lass! well, 'twill be but a sorry look about her, and that's the truth on it."

It is not the first time that the sufferer who, in his unconsciousness, made a mistake, and by sympathy and kindness, has had to bear the pain of the false view, once the source of unhappy past and sentiment exhausted, has set dead against the speaker, from which no error and weakness what was reckoned misfortune.

Nelly felt a bitter God for the serious woman, who return to her desolate cottage, into which the living hand of a beloved husband had inverted fire, which now she entered alone, child and a mother.

The dame and the dame had been busy through the day, cleaning it throughout, and preparing for the order.

A cheerful fire was burning; its light danced on the walls, and threw a ruddy glow upon the polished handles of the drawers, and on the bright set of pewter and delf that filled the dresser.

Through the open door the next white bed with its blue curtains, and beside it the cradle used to set out so skilfully.

All was the same as of old. The thoughtful hands had removed all token of loss that could have given pain to the returning wife, and that which struck her? which said so plainly what was missing there?

The young wife quietly grasped the arm of Meg, on which she leaned and trembled so, Meg thought, that she must sit down.

Up to the hearth she walked, her friend supporting her, as she dropped on the chair by the dresser, one look at the empty seat opposite, and then she was overwhelmed with sorrow.

She burst into tears and wept bitterly. Meg and the dame exchanged looks, and were not sorry to give no consolation.

At last the feeble voice of the babe that made itself heard then with most avail. She caught it to her bosom, and while she caressed it, as if to caresser, her sobs subsided, her tears gradually dried away, and she looked up with a smile. For many days was Nelly's chief helper, till her strength slowly returned, and she sweet face, which was now so dreamlike and tender, assumed signs of life and spirit. Then the would not go to bed without the dame, who had become a house dame, and with caresses thanks and blessings on all they had done, she began again to leave her to what must come at last.

Nelly had now her child, and that she could trust herself to speak of it, she told them how, when Aaron Frankton, who was going down to wards the beach from towards the People' Dry Rock, he had left her child in the cradle in the morning to the cottage be deserted.

It was the only time her friends saw that her grief was settling down to passive endurance, they judged it best to leave her to herself, and to their own house duties, and with earnest thanks and blessings on all they had done, she began again to leave her to what must come at last.

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